

The Saturday Review

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CONTENTS.

NOTES	PAGE 409	MONEY MATTERS	PAGE 419	The Maltese Corps of the British Army	PAGE 425
LEADING ARTICLES:		New Issues, &c.—Mr. Kemp-Welch as Brer Rabbit; Barney Barnato's Estate; The New Colossus of British Columbia; A Cycle Revolution; Bubbles; A Big Demand; The Automatic Charwoman; West Australian Smelting	419	About Lancashire	425
An Imperial Project. By Ernest E. Williams	412	Advice to Investors	422	Under Special Introduction	426
Turkish Light Railways. (By Our Special Correspondent)	413	CORRESPONDENCE:		The Spectator	426
SPECIAL ARTICLE:		The Laws of Golf	422	Fiction	427
Some More Doubtful Baronetcies. By "X."	413	The North-West Frontier of India	422	Literary Notes	428
MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES:		REVIEWS:		Reviews and Magazines	428
Sewage and Typhoid	414	Tennyson	423	This Week's Books	430
The Laws of Golf	415	The Whitewashing of the Celt	424		
A Belated Criticism of "Parsifal." By J. F. R.	415			LITERARY SUPPLEMENT:	
The Theatres. By G. B. S.	417			Nelson and his "Emma"	403
				A Scots Resurrectionist	403
				A Mediæval Magician	404
				Sporting Society	405
				Some Minor Literature	405
				Ex-Libris	405
				Bacon's Essays	406
				Mr. Rothenstein's Lithographs	406

[A Literary Supplement is issued with this Number.]

NOTES.

LORD ESHER would have done well to resign a little, or even a good deal, earlier. Had age left him wholly untouched, it would still have been better for him to resign some years ago; for the example of such a highly placed official clinging so long to power and place is injurious to others whom age does not treat as gently. But Lord Esher was not one of those on whom advancing years leave no mark. If his intellect retained much of its vigour, the tongue became more unruly, and, insisting arrogantly on the rights of age, was more obedient to temper than intellect. Undoubtedly it is one of the functions of the Bench to keep the Bar in order, but counsel may at least expect to be treated as gentlemen, more particularly by former members of their order whom fortune and the death of other men have lifted to a superior altitude. Perpetual running comment from the Bench with the application of the break to every other sentence of counsel's argument has not tended to advance the dignity of Appeal Court I.

But, after all, much may be forgiven Lord Esher for having resigned at all. Men will now be inclined to forget his offences, and remember the robust common sense and practical readiness that have long characterized the judgments of the Master of the Rolls. The longest and most complicated cases found Lord Esher ready to pronounce judgment the moment counsel had uttered his last word, if he was so fortunate as to get to it. Written or reserved judgments have never been at all in Lord Esher's way. Indeed, he has always expressed a fine contempt for jurists and scientific lawyers, with whom he has nothing in common. It is this practical slap-dash way of treating his work, added to the feeling that there was a kind heart at bottom, that has given him a kind of popularity in spite of his manners.

If the choice of a successor to Lord Esher should fall on Sir Richard Webster, it is to be hoped he will put off the irritable self-importance which seems to have grown on him of late. It may, perhaps, be idle to look for such a result from enhanced dignity; but it will be uncommonly hard on practising barristers if he does not. However, Sir Richard may not be Master: he perhaps prefers to wait for Lord Halsbury's place. The Government might well think this a capital opportunity for shelving the disaffected Sir Edward Clarke. But his speaking power would be wanted in the House, and his seat at Plymouth is very far from safe. How far may be judged from the fact that his Conservative colleague was beaten in 1895, the year of the Radical débâcle, by Mr. Charles Harrison, L.C.C.

The position of the masters in the engineering dispute is fast becoming untenable. Public sympathy is all on the side of the men since the Employers' Federation snubbed Mr. Ritchie and flatly refused to take part in any conference for the settlement of the dispute. Moreover, the masters have so far failed to formulate their specific demands, and their conflicting utterances leave little doubt that their main object is not to oppose the eight-hours day, nor even to get rid of the often vexatious interference of the Unions with the internal organization of engineering workshops, but to weaken, if not to destroy, the power of the Amalgamated Society of Engineers. It is true that Mr. Alexander Siemens has denied the specific statement attributed to him that the object of the Federation was to "get rid of Trade-Unionism altogether." Apart from this specific avowal, however, the general tenour of his statements to his interviewer, as well as the conduct of the dispute by the employers, offer some foundation for the belief of the men. And who is Mr. Alexander Siemens who is chairman of the Employers' Federation? All the world knows that he has recently been taking part in the jubilee of the firm of Siemens & Halske of Berlin, and the report of this function refers to the London firm of Siemens Brothers as a "branch" of the great Berlin firm. Some people have found fault with the men for seeking and accepting help from German workmen. What is to be said of a body of employers who allow themselves to be led in a conflict that is bringing the engineering industry of England to ruin by the London branch of a firm in Berlin? Is this a strike "made in Germany" for the benefit of the German engineering industry?

The "Standard" in its issue of Thursday published a noticeable article regarding the trans-Indian frontier question. "The Government of India, it need scarcely be said," we read, "has not the slightest intention of annexing territory, or enlarging its administrative frontier." So says the "Standard"; but from the context it is not clear what is meant by annexing territory. Is the casuist at work again here? Would the establishment of military posts, for example, within or about the Khyber, or elsewhere in Afridi territory, be regarded by the "Standard" as annexation of territory? The question, however, as Sir George White would say, is not so much what is in the programme of the Government of India as what is in its destiny.

This, again, must presumably depend on the degree in which the measures actually adopted by it are in harmony with the conciliatory policy to which it professes to give adhesion. If the Government has no intention of annexing Afridi territory, all we can say is that, unless when hostilities are over it wholly withdraws from that territory, and shapes its acts according

to its professions, it will be once more plunged into complications. What happened in Chitral and in Swat will again come to pass in Afridi land. What credence, meanwhile, can the supporters of the Government of India expect for their assurance that it does not desire to compromise itself, when every successive step it has hitherto taken across the frontier has been proved by events to have been compromising in an increasing degree?

"One of the most remarkable features of the whole series of outbreaks has been the inaccuracy of almost every forecast of the probable course of events formed by those who, it might be thought, had the best opportunities for predicting the future." Thus again the "Standard"; and while we heartily concur, we hope that this phenomenon may make our contemporary somewhat more distrustful of such latest phases of prediction as may have been or may be hazarded about the Afridi settlement. The "Standard" instances only, among the many forecasts, that as to the Swati uprising—"which no one in India seems to have anticipated" (though it was foreseen and foretold in these pages a couple of years ago)—and the opposition offered in Bajaur.

It might have added the confident assurances we received, from the Secretary of State and others, that the Swatis desired us to remain in their country, and that, so far from being regarded with hostility, we were, in fact, quite popular there; as well as the prediction that we need never again fear serious opposition beyond the frontier, because the tribes were cowed by the Lee-Metford rifle and the Maxim gun. With these might be gibbeted the prediction that the route to Chitral would be kept open, as Lord George Hamilton expressed it, by peaceful means and maintained without an intolerable burden of expenditure. What the supporters of the present policy have failed to foresee is only less remarkable than what they have had the assurance to profess to be informed of. The curious part of the whole matter is that, although they have been proved to have been absolutely blind and wholly misinformed, this does not seem to detract one tittle from the confidence with which they are still in some quarters regarded.

The split in the "Moderate" School Board party widens daily. Mr. Evelyn Cecil bravely declares that there is no split. Meanwhile, in his place on the London Board, he nominates as a member for Hackney a gentleman who is not the choice of the electors, and who is promptly opposed by Mr. Diggle. This gentleman, who was not elected, received the support of five Moderates, nineteen voting for his opponent. Mr. Riley, as usual, let the cat out of the bag by declaring as the reason for supporting him that this candidate "did not trust Mr. Diggle" any more than Churchmen do. Yet there is no split.

Mr. John Redmond, M.P., was frank enough in his speech to the Parnellite Convention at Dublin on Monday. He confessed that any closing of the breach between the different sections of the Irish party was as far off as ever, and he looked forward despondently to the year 1898 as likely still to see in Ireland "a weak, divided and demoralized people." The disunion of the Irish members is scarcely to be regretted. When Irishmen fall out Englishmen come by their own in the matter of Parliamentary time. But Ireland will benefit, too; for with a weak Irish party there is at least some possibility of settling the Irish question by a judicious and far-reaching scheme of Local Government. Nor does Mr. Balfour's refusal of the absurd request of the Nationalist members for a special session of Parliament imply any lack of determination to do all that is possible in mitigation of the distress which is likely to result from the failure of the Irish potato crop. The Irish Executive has already ample powers in this direction.

On Tuesday the timid old women who constitute the Peace Society met at Newcastle and opposed their mops to the advancing tide of militarism. On Wednesday

Mr. Brodrick at Guildford, as Under-Secretary for War, argued convincingly that our present military strength is quite inadequate to the great increase in our territory and the expansion of our trade during the past twenty-five years. Yesterday it was stated that a million and a half more money will be asked for in the Army Estimates next year, and that the number of men will be increased by 11,000. A few years ago the Peace Society may have possessed a little influence. The trend of public opinion is now all the other way, and the country will assent without demur to the proposed increase, provided only that due economy is practised and the long overdue overhauling of the War Office undertaken. The maintenance of the Empire demands a military force which will not be seriously weakened by such a small affair as the Indian frontier troubles. The time is even approaching when the question of conscription in Great Britain will have to be discussed. At no time in England's history has it been more necessary to act upon the motto, "Si vis pacem para bellum."

King Leopold has vindicated his character in a German Court of justice, and an unfortunate editor who accused him of being a speculator has to pay for his temerity by eight months in a German prison. The testimony on which this particular German Court relied was that of King Leopold's own secretary. We trust that the King of the Belgians is gratified by this tribute to his unblemished character. As there is fortunately no such offence as that of "lèse-majesté" in this country, we are free to hold, and to express, our own opinion still. And now there is more reason than ever to believe that King Leopold is merely a Stock Exchange gambler and a patron of tripots.

This same law of "lèse-majesté" in Germany appears to be only a little less convenient than the "lettres de cachet" of pre-Revolution days in France. Herr Liebknecht, an able and sincere politician who is now in his seventy-second year, has been sentenced to four months' imprisonment, not for saying anything which in itself constituted the offence of "lèse-majesté," but for what his hearers might think he meant. The judgment of the Court which condemned him admitted that his actual words could not be construed into the offence, but declared that "he ought to have reckoned with the possibility that among his audience there might be some who would place upon his words a meaning constituting 'lèse-majesté,'" and this judgment has now been confirmed by the Supreme Court at Leipzig. This reminds us of the story of the Dutchman who thrashed his son for swearing, and when the boy protested that he had done no such thing, said, "Never mind, you think damn! so it is all the same." The world can scarcely have much opinion of a ruler like William the Little, whose imperial dignity can only be preserved by methods such as these.

So long as there were bills to be paid, Mr. F. J. Jackson's sojourn in the Arctic regions was described as the "Jackson-Harmsworth Expedition." But as soon as the bear-shooting picnic is over we hear no more of Mr. Harmsworth. Mr. Jackson gave a lecture on his experiences to the Royal Societies' Club, in which Mr. Harmsworth's name was not mentioned, and there was not one word of thanks to the man who so generously devoted nearly £50,000 to Arctic work. And yet some people in England express surprise that wealthy Englishmen prefer to spend their money in horse-racing rather than in subsidizing geographical exploration.

It is now announced that an expedition will leave England next July for the Antarctic regions, the money being provided by the wealthy proprietor of some widely circulated journals. The objects of the expedition are to be both commercial and scientific, and it is to be led by Mr. C. Egeberg Borchgrevink. Why he has been selected it is not easy to understand, except on the hypothesis that the main object is the search for a southern Klondyke. It is true that Sir Clements Markham publicly congratulated Mr. Borchgrevink on his

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return from the cruise of the "Antarctic" "upon the great success of his wonderful voyage." Mr. Borchgrevink has not, however, been chosen on the strength of any recommendation from his superior officers during that voyage.

Clerical circles in Italy have been fluttered by the publication of the instructions which the Marquis di Rudini has addressed to the Prefects, enjoining them to keep a strict watch over the mobilization of the Catholic party. Within the last few years the greatest activity has prevailed in this section of the community. Those who are strictly obedient to the Vatican and to their hierarchical superiors have banded together and severed their connexion with their more vacillating brethren. They constantly meet in the churches, although there is small doubt that the motive of the meeting is mainly political. However, the action of the Italian Premier does not mean that the present Government of Italy views the clerical movement with distrust or hostility. On the contrary, every Conservative Government has endeavoured to induce the clerical party to take part in the political life of the country. The Marquis di Rudini's apparent severity is probably nothing more than a harmless concession to the Radicals. On the other hand, the participation of the Catholics in the Parliamentary conflict is welcome to the Marquis mainly because a stronger front is thereby opposed to the revolutionary party, which is growing daily stronger.

We have received a considerable number of documents relating to the proposed railway to the top of the Jungfrau. The concessionnaire is Mr. Guyer-Zeller, of Zurich, and from what we know personally of this very energetic gentleman, we are inclined to think that he will carry his scheme to a successful issue. There is no doubt that the inception of the project was largely due to a desire to cater for the pleasure of English-speaking nations, and Mr. Guyer-Zeller does not deny this. We shall be enabled to get to the top of the Jungfrau and back for thirty-six shillings. Why not? We do not see what harm it can do us; inasmuch as it is obvious from the reports of great medical experts, as well as from those of hardened mountain climbers, that "mountain sickness" is not the result of a longer or shorter stay in a rarefied atmosphere, but is due to the bodily exertion of climbing.

Two notable functions are contemplated in Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's respectively. In the Abbey, on the opening day of the law year, 25 October, there is to be a service corresponding to the Messe Rouge of Paris. The Lord Chancellor, the Judges, the Q.C.'s and the outer Bar are to be invited to attend. It does not yet appear of what the service is to consist; but probably a short special office will be drawn up for the occasion. Later in the year, St. Paul's will commemorate the two-hundredth anniversary of the opening of the Cathedral, and if the necessary permission can be gained, and arrangements made, we understand that a great Masonic service may be held under the dome. Such a function would be a spectacle absolutely unique.

We are glad to see that Mr. R. M. Paul, the Chancellor of Truro diocese, has refused to grant a faculty for pulling down and rebuilding the Norman tower of Liskeard parish church. Norman work is not common in Cornwall, and the expert evidence showed that it would be perfectly feasible to make all necessary repairs. There is far too much laxity on the part of diocesan authorities in permitting the "restoration"—which usually means the ruination—of ancient buildings under their care; and we suspect that the true reason for the attempt to rebuild the tower was simply that a legacy of £1,000 was available for that purpose, which will now pass to Truro Cathedral.

With Sir Alexander Arbuthnot's retirement from the Council of India a vacancy occurs, to be filled up, presumably, from among retired Civilians of the Madras Presidency, to which Sir Alexander belonged. There

is, we believe, no lack of candidates; and we trust that the mistake made on a recent occasion will not be repeated of admitting into the Secretary of State's Council, through the side door of our India Office Departmental Secretaryship, a former member of the Viceroy's Council. If a member of the Government of India, for whatever reasons personal to himself, determines to assert his claims to a post on the permanent staff of the office of the Secretary of State for India, he should be held, if successful, to be disqualified from appointment to a seat in the India Council. The spectacle of quondam members of the Viceroy's Council and of Indian Lieutenant-Governors competing with India Office clerks or with less conspicuous Indian officials for the prizes of the India Office is not one which can be regarded with much satisfaction. But that, having established himself in the India Office by such means, a former member of the Indian Government should use his position and influence there in order further to obtain for himself a vacant seat in the Secretary of State's Council, by appealing to his former connexion with the Government of India, to the exclusion probably of men as well or better qualified, but less at hand to push their claims, or more scrupulous in working their interests, is a procedure of which the adoption, though it may once have passed unchallenged, should not again be permitted without rousing public criticism and inquiry.

The Poet Laureate has bestowed his benediction on the departmental blend of Science and Art brewed at South Kensington. According to him, Art must depend on Science to become great. Given "an intimacy, instinctive or acquired, with the laws of prosody," with some imagination thrown in to give a flavour, then the more Science a poet can get into his verse the greater poet he is likely to be. Mr. Austin forgot to develop the other side of his argument, and show how Art was to help Science to its conclusions, but he reminded his hearers that "the vigorous old age of Michael Angelo overlapped the precocious youth of Galileo," and that Bacon was the contemporary of Shakspeare. Art he defined as "reason transfigured by emotion," and went on to make a sensible distinction between art and craft; but he failed to carry the distinction home. We remember how, the other day, our Poet Laureate brought "reason transfigured by emotion" to bear upon the Queen's reign, and by scientific insight was able to assure us that cows were feeding sixty years ago, and went on feeding still. Sixty years ago we had a real Poet Laureate; and we go on feeding one still—for scientific purposes?

During recent years several papers have been started with the modest object of supplanting the "Saturday Review." In some cases the fond promoters had money, in some they had credit, in others again they possessed only impudence. But whatever the capital might be, all our would-be rivals sadly went the same way. The "Realm," owing to no fault of its editor, quietly subsided; the "National Observer" grew quite lean and eventually swallowed the "British Review," which never was fat. Even this bony and unsatisfying meal did not enable the "National Observer" to live on for many months longer, and it perished ignominiously. The "New Saturday" was dragged through the portals of the Bankruptcy Court and never again emerged. The lesson to be drawn is the entire uselessness of trying to entice a public which is satisfied with what it has already. If a new journal wishes for life nowadays it must appeal to a constituency for which no existing paper caters. Disregarding this elementary truth, the proprietors of the "Times" propose to catch the public of the "Athenæum" by a new paper, mainly devoted to books, edited by Mr. H. D. Traill, and called "Literature." An unluckier name could not have been discovered. When has there ever been any connexion between the "Times" and literature? If the new journal intended to fill any useful purpose we could cordially wish it success; but at best it can only do what the "Athenæum" has long done excellently, and we fear it will not do it so well. It makes its appearance to-day.

AN IMPERIAL PROJECT.

IT is well to wave the flag, and jubilate, and generally make the lion roar; but it is better, if more prosaic, to accomplish works which will consolidate the Empire and increase its wealth. And it is because during recent months we have had almost a plethora of the former sort of Imperialism, which in too heavy doses is liable to act as a soporific rather than as a stimulant, that I would call attention to a practical scheme for developing the Empire, whose successful achievement should be fraught with big results. I refer to the proposed direct water-way communication for big vessels from the Great Lakes through Canadian territory to Montreal—in other words, for the opening up of the Canadian North-West to the Atlantic and the world markets which lie on the hither side of the Atlantic. North-West of the great North American lakes lies a vast tract of country, a part of the British Empire, but a part as yet sparsely settled. Yet those lands are fabulously rich in wealth-bearing capacities. They comprise the goldfields of the Rocky Mountains, as well as those even better goldfields, the illimitable grain districts of Manitoba; they contain vast tracts of valuable timber land; in them are deposited ores of iron and other minerals, the extent of which we are hardly yet beginning even dimly to realize. The fertility of this great country is hampered in its fruition almost entirely by the lack of transport facilities. The continuation of the canalized river westward from Montreal to the Georgian Bay would be an effective means of facilitating the transport eastward of this immense potential wealth. If regarded simply in the light of the present, without reckoning future developments, the proposal is still one to excite enthusiastic interest. For the Great Lakes thus to be brought into short and easy communication with the Atlantic Ocean comprise the largest system of deep-water inland navigation anywhere in the world; they have a coast line of 4,000 miles, an area of 95,060 square miles. On their shores are Chicago and Duluth.

Before discussing the commercial potentialities of the scheme, let us regard for a moment its military and naval value. It is proposed so to construct the canal that gunboats may be taken through it and used for patrolling the Great Lakes, thus giving the advantages of naval protection to about half of the international boundary line of British North America. It was with this in mind that the great Duke of Wellington sixty years ago urged the necessity for constructing some such water-way; and the same reason in more recent years prompted Lord Wolseley and Sir John Michel to advocate a canal scheme similar in most of its details to that now proposed; it is partly also for that reason that the Canadian Government is manifesting an interest in the proposal. There seems every prospect, too, that the War Department in London will likewise look favourably upon it; at any rate Mr. McLeod Stewart, who represents the Montreal, Ottawa, and Georgian Bay Canal Company, and who is now in England mainly for the purpose, is in communication with the War Office, and is sanguine of the result. It is to be hoped that we shall never be at war with the United States; but the thing looked very possible less than a couple of years ago. The attempt at permanent arbitration has not been a success; and, any way, the strengthening of one's defences is the surest guarantee of continued peace.

But great as are the strategic advantages to be derived from the construction of the canal, they sink into relative unimportance before the industrial benefits it would confer. Take the lumber trade. The proposed water-way will pass through the heart of one of the richest timber districts of the Continent. At present those districts are dolefully hampered by their inability to reach markets. There is the railway, it is true; but the railway is not for the lumber trade; the freights are high, nor could a railway company make them low enough. For this kind of traffic cheap water carriage is indispensable. This is particularly the case with all the coarser grades of lumber, such as hop poles, ties, &c. Chicago, too, is the great market for lumber for use on the American prairies, and the proposed canal would place the Canadian lumber dis-

tricts within easy range of that market. It is beyond doubt that the placing of the North-West lumber district in direct communication with the world market generally would not only bring prosperity to the settlers in that district (many of whom, according to all accounts, are conspicuously lacking in prosperity), but would also give a tremendous impetus to the further settlement of the country. So, too, with grain. Wheat and flour are also articles more suited to water than railway carriage, and as all the grain wants to go eastward, and a good deal of the lumber would travel westward, the canal operations would be cheapened by this double trade. Another important industrial feature of the scheme is the carriage of live-stock. Cattle could be sent by water the whole distance to Europe, and would thus not only be saved the expensive railway journey at present involved, but would also be enabled to perform the journey under very much better conditions; the boat would be more roomy than the cattle truck, better attendance could be given, and in summer time the journey would be very much cooler. Then there is the pulp manufacture, which is making rapid strides already; and as the spruce trees from which the pulp is made grow in the districts contiguous to the proposed water-way, this trade would without doubt make still more rapid strides when aided by the proposed transport facilities. And so one might go on through the whole list of industries partially developed or awaiting development in the North-West: the coal fields of Canada, its iron mines, its valuable nickel deposits, all would be properly worked if placed in direct water communication with the outer world. The canal would be as a magic wand in bringing to the surface Canada's varied and immense stores of wealth.

Now what are the special advantages of the particular scheme which is being projected? First, as regards the traffic from Chicago and other Lake Michigan ports, it is the most direct route. At present traffic going by water to the Atlantic has to travel north to latitude 46, and thence, both by the St. Lawrence and the Erie routes, the two existing water-ways, it is deflected southwards to latitude 41, a considerable *détour*; but the Ottawa Canal lies almost directly along the 46th parallel to Montreal, so that several hundred miles are saved across the American Continent, besides a further saving of mileage on the ocean journey in respect of that part of the traffic destined for Liverpool. That is to say, the Ottawa route would reduce the water journey from Chicago to Liverpool to 3,780 miles, as against the 4,148 miles which is the length of the shorter of the two existing routes. And not only would the proposed route be shorter in respect to mileage, it would also be quicker, as very much less "canalling" would be necessary; for though the scheme is spoken of as a canal, the route, for much the greater part of the distance, is through lakes or rivers: only 29 miles of actual canal would be required. The Erie route, on the contrary, has 351 miles of canal, and the St. Lawrence route 71; and the difference in the rate of travel between canal and open navigation is the difference between four miles an hour and twelve miles. A further and most important advantage from the very small amount of "canalling" necessary under the scheme is the great saving in the cost of construction. For the open part of the navigation is naturally, in nearly all its lengths, of sufficient depth to render excavation unnecessary. Moreover, the Ottawa route is safer than any other. From the mouth of Lake Michigan vessels will pass under the shelter of Manitoulin Island to the mouth of French River, avoiding altogether the dangers of southern Lake Huron, of the shallow Lake Erie, of Lake Ontario, and of the currents and shoals of the Upper St. Lawrence and Lake St. Francis. The scheme is not likely to be too costly. Various expert estimates have been compiled, but, making a liberal allowance for contingencies, it seems unlikely that the cost of construction will exceed £3,000,000. Under the Company's Charter of Incorporation a liberal sum (£30,000,000) is authorized to be raised by borrowing, and it is expected that not only will the necessary mortgage bonds (bearing 4 per cent. interest) be issued under the auspices of the Canadian Government, but there is reason to expect that the Government will also pay 1 per cent. of the interest. There should, there-

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fore, be no question of the financial stability of the scheme. The share capital is \$10,000,000, and though it is only proposed to charge on traffic using the canal the small toll of twenty-five cents per ton, the bulk of this traffic (moderately estimated for the future on careful data at 8,000,000 tons annually) will be so great that the amount borrowed will be easily repaid in a few years, and there will be a reasonable profit besides for the shareholders. As a private speculation, therefore, the canal is surely worth the favourable consideration of capitalists; but considering the magnitude of the benefits which it will confer on the whole of the British Empire in North-West America, the matter is one which deserves to be regarded from a higher standpoint than that of the shareholder. It is a great Imperial project, and no effort should be spared on either side of the Atlantic to bring it to speedy and successful achievement.

ERNEST E. WILLIAMS.

TURKISH LIGHT RAILWAYS.

(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

THERAPIA, 10 October, 1897.

IN my last letter I wrote, "From all I hear, it is the evident intention of the Sultan's Ministers to take advantage of this opportunity to push forward the commercial development of their country by the construction of a vast network of narrow-gauge railways both in Europe and in Asia." These words received a striking confirmation in the farewell speech of Sir Edgar Vincent to the employés of the Imperial Ottoman Bank. Fresh from an audience with the Sultan, Sir Edgar said:—"His Majesty is determined to give a great impetus to the construction of railways, and means to devote all the resources of the Empire to the rapid completion of certain lines. His Majesty has been struck by the strange fact that districts through which a railway runs have been free from those disturbances which have within the last two years reigned in many parts of Asia Minor." Following up Sir Edgar Vincent's speech, the organ of the Palace (the "Moniteur Oriental") has published a series of evidently inspired articles on the subject of Light Railways. These articles deal exhaustively with light or narrow-gauge railways in all quarters of the globe, and point out that, whilst essential for the development of commerce in those countries which are not rich enough to bear the burden of railways of the normal gauge, they are yet, as has been proved in India, well suited for military purposes. Amongst the railways which I understand the Turkish Government have decided to adopt is one connecting Prevesa, a port on the Adriatic situated in the bay of Actium, with Monastir in Albania. This line will run through Louros, a town first brought to notice by its having been burnt and pillaged by the Greeks during the late war, and Janina, the birthplace of the Haidée of "Monte Cristo." Although presenting some physical difficulties, the line will traverse an extraordinarily fertile and extraordinarily beautiful country. Another projected line will connect the Salonica railway with the Greek frontier, and a third European line will run from Cavalla, the tobacco port on the Ægean Sea, to Drasna, a station on the Salonica-Constantinople line. In Asia one of the proposed lines will run from Sinope, famous for the shameless massacre of Turks by Russians in 1853, through Mersivan, Amassia, Tokat, Sivar, and Erzingian, to Erzeroum, and thence to Van, on the Persian frontier. This line passes through a country which is practically destitute of mountains, but well watered by rivers and covered with valuable forests; it will pass by some of the largest cities in Asia Minor, and should revolutionize the economic condition of Anatolia. From all I can gather, this last line, as well as the section Prevesa-Janina, should be self-supporting; indeed under proper management they ought to be very remunerative. Whether English financiers will care to embark on these industries I cannot say. German houses are already feeling their way, and the German Ambassador is giving them every support. The line Scutari-Angora was built by German money, and owing to a very onerous kilometric guarantee its shareholders are now drawing from the

Turkish Government an annual sum representing close on 11 per cent. The Salonica-Monastir and Salonica-Uskub Nish line was also built by a German Syndicate, whilst the Salonica-Dedragatch railway is owned by a French Company. All these railways are very remunerative undertakings, so that both Germans and French will strive their best to secure the projected Concessions, and the Ambassadors of both those nations never hesitate to aid the concession-hunters of their own nationality. The long-talked-of new bridge over the Golden Horn is once more on the *tapis* and the Salonica Harbour works. It is to be hoped that this latter will be conducted on sounder commercial principles than those which characterized the Constantinople Quays Company, Limited, which, instead of aiding, has practically crippled the trade of the city. In fact Turkey is now opening up fresh vistas to the speculative financier.

SOME MORE DOUBTFUL BARONETCIES.

SINCE the year 1877 Lieutenant-Colonel Nicholas William Elphinstone has tried to induce the world at large to accept him as a Baronet. But he has not been successful in his attempt to induce a Scottish jury to serve him heir of the last undoubted Baronet of the creation of 1628. Dod and the Windsor make no demur to accepting the Colonel as a Baronet. Burke ignores him; Debrett marks him as but a claimant. "Sir" John Innes of Balveny figures even in Debrett as an undoubted Baronet. The claim of "Sir" John depends upon the mere assumption of the dignity by his grandfather without even service of heirship or proof of pedigree. A descent was put forward from John Innes of Edengight, said to be great-uncle of the first Baronet; but no such person appears in the pedigree of the family in Douglas's "Baronage." I think that the Editor of Debrett would be well advised to insert this Baronetcy simply as a claim. The so-called Baronetcy "Leslie" of Wardis and Findrassie is due to the assumption of the dignity, without even the little valued service of heirship, by a certain John Leslie who died in 1825. A pedigree has certainly been put forward showing a connexion, but the descent of the title to the present "Baronet" involves a somewhat wholesale use of the letters *d.s.p.*, and the claim is difficult to accept.

"Sir" Herbert Charles Perrott claims to be and is usually admitted to be a Baronet. Debrett, to its credit, declines to admit the right fully. "Sir" Robert Perrott is said to have been created a Baronet in 1716: and it is further stated that the limitation of the dignity included his brother and his heirs. Now the Patent is nowhere registered, nor is there any record of any kind to show that such a Patent was ever issued with such an extended limitation. "Sir" Robert died in 1759. In the year 1767 a Royal Warrant under the sign manual and *privy seal* (but not under the *Great Seal*, as should have been the case), countersigned by the Secretary of State, the Hon. H. S. Conway, was issued which declared "to avoid all doubt and dispute about the rank of our trusty and well-beloved Sir Richard Perrott and the heirs male of his body, lawfully begotten, [he] shall have and enjoy, in all places, assemblies and meetings, the place, rank and pre-eminence, precedence, privileges and immunities of or belonging to a Baronet of this our realm and to take precedence from 1 July, 1716." Now the actual registration of a Patent is not the only record of the creation of a Baronetcy. As far as I can learn, there is no official record whatsoever to support the claim. Does such a Warrant, obtained, shall we say, "by mistake," create a Baronetcy? I myself express no opinion, and merely remark that "Sir" Herbert's right to be accepted as a Baronet is not, according to Debrett, officially recorded or admitted.

The ancient Baronetcy of Burton of Stockerston, Leicestershire, created in 1622, came to a sorry pass in 1710, when the fourth Baronet, as it is believed, was sentenced at the Old Bailey to transportation. Since that date there has been an utter and absolute blank until quite recently (I believe as late as 1894), when a Mr. Albert Burton claimed and assumed the dignity. I am ignorant of the actual details of his pedigree. But he has failed to prove his right to the

title, and to their credit be it said, he has also failed to induce the Editor of any Peerage to accept his claim. The Baronetcy of Wasteney of Headen (created in 1622), which was presumed to have become extinct at the death of the fourth Baronet, was subsequently lost sight of until 1887, when a certain William Wasteney took to himself, without the least proof or official recognition, the style and title of a Baronet, and advertised the fact in the "Times" of 4 August, 1887.

A claim to a Baronetcy has been made by Robert Devereux Knowles, though upon what grounds or to what particular Baronetcy no one has yet been able to discover. Another similar claim is that of Rev. Thomas Parr, of Loddon, Norwich; but, as Dod remarks, "his claim cannot be regarded seriously." Dod is equally outspoken concerning the claim of Joseph Montagu Livesey to the Livesey Baronetcy, created in 1627 and attainted in 1660. Proof is still wanting even of Mr. J. M. Livesey's descent from that family, and the claim to the Baronetcy "is believed to be entirely without foundation." Equally absurd is a claim made by Mr. Charles Green, M.R.C.V.S., of Paddington, to the Ward Baronetcy, created in 1660. But Mr. Green contents himself with urging only a *female* descent, whereas the Baronetcy is limited to *males*.

"Sir" John Cecil Read, who claims to be ninth Baronet of the creation of 1641, puts forward a descent from a supposed second son of the first Baronet, in spite of the facts that the official pedigree shows him to have had only one son, and that, at the death of the third Baronet, the title was supposed to have become extinct. Owing to the great laxity at Court at the time, the grandfather of the present claimant was actually knighted as "the eldest son of a Baronet" in his father's lifetime on the supposition that his father was a Baronet. Needless to say, no right of succession has been proved or recorded.

Even the accurate Debrett includes without question the Baronetcy Sinclair of Dunbeath under a supposed creation of 1631, and likewise assigns a Baronetcy of Nova Scotia to the Earl of Caithness. The Windsor also gives a 1631 Baronetcy to both Lord Caithness and "Sir" John Rose George Sinclair. Dod likewise credits them both with a 1631 Baronetcy. Burke gives a 1631 creation to Lord Caithness and a supposed later creation, 1704, to "Sir John." This 1704 creation the Windsor gives as well as a 1631 baronetcy to "Sir John," who himself believes in and claims both 1631 and 1704. Foster apparently altogether ignores the latter, and he inserts "Sir John" in "chaos." He denies Lord Caithness a Baronetcy, though he states that the "Sinclairs of Mey" (who were the ancestors of the later Earls Caithness) wrongfully assumed the Baronetcy of Sinclair of Dunbeath. Now there is no record of the 1704 creation in Mylne's list, nor is there any record in Mylne's list of the creation of Sir John Sinclair of Dunbeath (son of George Sinclair of Mey) as a baronet 2 Jan. 1631. Nor is either Patent registered. But in Mylne's list there is a baronetcy noted: "2 June 1631. St. Clair, James, of Cambsie. Sealed 18 June, 1631 A.M. (i.e. heirs male whatsoever). Son lawfull of Sir William Sinclaire of Catboll, Kt.—E. Caithness." It may therefore, I think, be safely concluded that of these the 1631 Baronetcy is the only one to which Lord Caithness has rightly succeeded. The real point at issue is, Was there a creation in 1704? What is the evidence for such a supposition? In the meantime Dod, Debrett, and the Windsor may safely remove the 1631 creation from "Sir" John. X.

SEWAGE AND TYPHOID.

FROM the chemical point of view, sewage is a turbid, evil-smelling fluid, consisting of water in which is suspended a varying quantity of harmless mud, and containing, partly in solution and partly suspended, a large quantity of ammoniacal organic matter. The intricate chemical compounds of which living material is composed are in process of decomposition, and in the kaleidoscopic rearrangements of molecules and atoms many exceedingly poisonous chemical compounds are temporarily formed. The chief agents in the disintegrating process are the microbes that cause putrefaction and fermentation, and an absorption of

oxygen is the main chemical incident in the whole series of changes. As long as decomposition proceeds the fluid is fatal to all animals except a few lowly and extremely specialized forms, because of the presence of poisons and absence of oxygen. It cannot support green plants because of the turbidity and absence of nitrates. When the fluid ceases to absorb oxygen, when green plants appear in it, and when the ammoniacal organic matter has been reduced to less than a tenth of a grain in a gallon, the purifying putrefaction is over, and the sewage has become harmless to animal life. In the daily round of nature such a process is a normal event. On a small scale it may be watched with the greatest ease. A rich soup that has begun to "go wrong" is an organic fluid as nauseous as the sewage of any great city. Let a glass vessel be filled up to a mark with this and placed in the open air. For a few hours or days, according to the temperature and the organic richness of the soup, the liquid will become more and more offensive. A thick scum will rise to the surface, and a drop of this, placed under the microscope, will be found swarming with the microbes and animalculæ of putrescence. Gradually a change comes: the disagreeable odours disappear, the scum sinks slowly to the bottom as an almost imperceptible deposit, and, as the fluid clears, a tinge of green, due to the appearance of little green plants, becomes visible. The nauseous fluid has been changed into water as harmless as that of a clear river or lake. The organisms of putrescence, having destroyed the organic matter, themselves disappear, many dying and being devoured, the others giving rise to quiescent spores.

Where there is sufficient space, Nature disposes of her waste matter in this simple fashion, and the nitrates, formed by oxidization of the nitrogen in organic matter, form a necessary food for new cycles of life. The refuse of wild animals and of scattered nomadic tribes does not accumulate, but, after rapid treatment by microbes, becomes harmless and useful inorganic matter. In many great rivers the pollution is too great to make purification possible until the sea is reached; but in the tidal waters the process that may be seen in a glass vessel takes place. At a little distance from the discharge of the river the purification has been accomplished and a multitudinous microscopic green life is to be found. Upon this shoals of little animals feed, and these in turn attract larger animals, so that near the outflow of all great rivers are to be found the richest fishing grounds. The fishing grounds of the Cornish coast owe much to the sewage of the Severn; the herrings of Loch Fyne fatten on an abundant life which depends largely on the refuse of the Clyde; there is the same relation between the Thames and the rich fishing grounds off the coasts of Norfolk and Essex.

In a populous country like England it is of course impossible to trust to the unguided ways of nature. So long as a great part of our water supply comes from rivers and collecting areas to which surface drainage has access, it is an absolute necessity that the waste matter be carefully collected and directed into special channels. When it is possible to lead it directly to the sea there is no need for any special treatment; when it has to reach the sea by way of rivers something must be done before it is allowed to escape. The plan most in vogue is a complicated arrangement of precipitation and filtration. The raw sewage is allowed to stand in great tanks, in which, under the influence of gravitation, a large proportion of the organic and inorganic suspended matter is allowed to settle to the bottom, while chemical treatment throws down a large proportion of the soluble impurities. The effluent is then subjected to repeated filtrations, and, in the best sewage works, a high standard of purification is reached. These processes, however, are expensive and require constant skilled attention. Moreover, there remains the difficulty of getting rid of the foetid sludge which collects in the tanks. Shipping it out to sea for discharge at a sufficient distance from the shore is always costly, and often impracticable. Desiccation and subsequent burning are the usual modes of treatment, and, in some of the most recent plants, the burning of the sludge provides steam power, not only for the sewage works themselves, but for other municipal

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concerns, such as electric lighting. It is probably in this direction that the best future of sewage-works lies.

The method of sewage disposal from which, perhaps, most has been hoped and least obtained, is what is called sewage farming. After a varying preliminary treatment, the sewage is led upon soil, and with the aid of the beneficent microbes of the earth, a process of nitrification goes on, in which the organic nitrogenous matter is turned into fertilizing substances of great value. The effluent from a field treated in this way is of high purity when the process is at its best, but the frost of winter stops the action of bacteria completely, and sudden rain storms may send impure material over the effluent channels. Moreover the conduct of the farm requires exceedingly skilled, expert management, and in a majority of cases it cannot be said that the crops produced, taking one year with another, have reduced the cost of the processes and management to any material extent.

The city of Exeter has recently established works for dealing with part of the local sewage upon a new method in which the natural processes of bacterial action play the chief part. Messrs. T. H. Pearmain & C. G. Moor, two well-known experts in sanitary matters, have issued an interesting report upon the new process. If we omit consideration of a number of ingenious mechanical contrivances, the object of which is to secure an automatic adjustment of inflows and outflows, we may describe the essential part of the new process as an extension of the simple experiment in bacterial purification which we described at the beginning of this article. The raw sewage is conducted to a huge underground "septic tank," in which the myriad bacteria of putrefaction and fermentation are allowed to perform their chemical work under the best possible conditions. The tank is constructed to hold a little more than the sewage of a day, and in it the process of decomposition is said to be so rapid and complete that practically no deposit of sludge is formed. From the septic tank the effluent is directed to a series of gigantic filters, which are arranged so that each filter gets a week's rest every month. Each filter, after being filled, remains full about three hours before its discharge. The effluent from the filters is stated to have an unusual purity, and to be in a more fit condition for immediate discharge to a river than the effluent from other processes. Until a much longer trial has been made, it would be premature to pronounce definitely upon the advantage of the new process. It is urgent that some experiments be made upon the fate of the more common pathogenic bacteria in passage through the tanks and filters. Without very definite experimental evidence, it would be rash to predict that the microbes of typhoid would be destroyed by so rapid a passage through a septic tank and a filter. The new system, however, is so easily managed and so inexpensive that it is certain to obtain adequate trial and to be watched by sanitary experts.

THE LAWS OF GOLF.

WE have the happiness of finding occasion to sympathize with the emotions of a Peer Spiritual. We allude to the right reverend golfer whose letter we publish to-day. It is certainly shameful that there is a law putting his Lordship into such a plight. Of course, having played six in the bunker, and being still there, the Bishop could not reasonably, even if he were allowed to play from the summit of the battlement, expect to win the hole. Four is the Bogey score, and if he took two to get into the bunker his Lordship could not well hole out in less than eight. That indicates a penalty too severe. It was mere ill luck, not bad play, that prevented the prelate from landing on top of the mound with his second shot. Had he landed there and been allowed to go on, his Lordship might have been equal with Bogey in the result. That he should have had to retire into the bunker when he was well over it is hard lines. The law is insensate, too. Laws should encourage us in good conduct. In the matter under consideration they are a spoke in the wheel of progress. To lie on the battlement in two would have been very good play on the part of his Lordship; but, instead of recognizing that fact, a law of the game would have punished him for having made an

excellent second shot. To speak the facts thus is to condemn the law. Playing against our correspondent, a temporal Peer, being, naturally, of worldly mind, would, unlike the Bishop, who, no doubt, in his second shot, wielded his iron with a whole heart and sound trust in Providence, have dropped ten yards short of the bunker in his second, and skipped over to the green with a wrist shot in his third. That is not golf. It is diplomacy. It is abhorrent. It has no sanction from antiquity.

In antiquity, which is still in full blast at St. Andrews, God made the bunkers and they are innocent. Near Town man made them and they are ridiculous. The worst part of them, that which the Bishop ineffectually besieged, is more like a tennis wall than any item in a rational bunker. It is perpendicular, which is rarely the case at St. Andrews; it is often invincible, which a bunker should never be. We are surprised at the moderation of the Bishop's protest. He complains only of the law which prevented him from playing when at last he had got out of the sandy slough of despond. Willingly should we have published stinging criticisms of the character of the English bunkers themselves. Their resemblance to real bunkers is as spurious as that of Shakspeare is to Mr. Hall Caine. At St. Andrews, or at any other reasonable place, age cannot wither, nor custom stale, the infinite variety of bunkers. They are of all shapes and sizes; and many a fine drive have we witnessed out of every one of them. In the inland English courses they have no variety at all. There they are constituted by a measured excavation on the soil and the building of a perpendicular and otherwise depressing mound. The mound is the main achievement, and that is very absurd. On rational links there are mounds innumerable, and they are not regarded as bunkers. You may lie against them, or on top of them, or, on the other side, with a hanging ball; and, wheresoever you are, you play without penalty, and often well. The genius of the game has not been caught on the inland courses of England. Those courses are artificial in their hazards, and the framers of the regulations have applied natural laws to an unspiritual world. The result is a Bishop in a Bunker inwardly swearing like a trooper.

His Lordship has our sincere sympathy. When he was slashing away ten yards from the Seventh Hole he was not allowed to ground his mashie. That was ridiculous. The law is rational on a seaside course; for there the sand is silt, and sometimes you could tee the ball if you could ground your club. It is folly anywhere near London; for there the sand is either slush or cement, and to tee the ball is impossible. To a Bishop in a Bunker by the seaside there would be the possibility of fraud; to a prelate in that plight at Ranelagh there is none. On the other hand, while Hell at St. Andrews is strewn with bad intentions in the way of bunkers, there is not in it a single malignity of luck which his Lordship could not undo with a light iron; yet we should confidently lay ten to one against the chance of even the Archbishop of Canterbury coming out square with Bogey if his Grace landed in a bunker anywhere at Ranelagh. The certainty that we should win our bet is scandalous. We commend the thought to the consideration of all moral golfers. We commend it also to the consideration of thoughtful golfers, who will perceive that the rules of golf at St. Andrews are not applicable to destinies in the shaping of whose hazards neither the wind of the North Sea nor Tom Morris has had a say.

A BELATED CRITICISM OF "PARSIFAL."

SOME time ago I promised to deal with the Bayreuth mode of playing "Parsifal." My criticisms were jotted down and would have appeared on 2 October but for the unsatisfactory duty of offering some severe criticisms on Mr. Maitland's edition of "King Arthur." Those criticisms, by the way, were warmly endorsed by Sir Charles Purcell Taylor, who claims to have in his possession the only authoritative score; they have been repeated and their justice admitted by the ablest London and provincial critics; but although they drew some characteristic insolence from the charming German-

Jewish gentleman who writes in the "Sunday Times," they have not been answered by any competent critic for the simple reason that no competent critic will risk damaging his reputation by asserting that any answer is possible. Silence is Mr. Maitland's only safety. This duty has thrown my "Parsifal" criticisms so far back that I should not offer them now had not Mr. Chamberlain's book on Wagner come my way. It shows me that the old game is being pursued as busily as ever. Since Wagner's death the world has been carefully and persistently taught that only Bayreuth can do justice to "Parsifal"; and since the world believes anything if it is said often enough it has come to think it sheer blasphemy to dream of giving "Parsifal" elsewhere than at Bayreuth. "Parsifal" is not an opera—it is a sacred revelation; and just as the seed of Aaron alone could serve as priests in the sacred rites of the Temple at Jerusalem, so only the seed of Wagner can serve as priests—that is to say, as chief, directing priests—when "Parsifal" is played. Thus declare the naïve dwellers in Villa Wahnfried, modestly forgetting the missing link in the chain of argument which should prove them alone to be the people qualified to perform "Parsifal"; and I regret to observe the support they receive from a number of Englishmen and Scotchmen, who are grown more German than the Germans, and just as religiously forget to make any reference to this missing link of proof. But these Germanized Scotchmen and Englishmen work hard for Bayreuth: now they whisper in awestruck tones of the beauty and significance of "Parsifal"; now they howl at the unhappy writers in the daily and weekly Press who dare to find little significance and less beauty in the Bayreuth representation; and, to do them bare justice, until lately they have been fairly successful in persuading the world to think with them. Verily, they have their reward—they partake of afternoon tea at Villa Wahnfried; they enjoy the honour of bowing low to the second Mrs. Wagner; Wagner's legal descendants cordially take them by the hand. And they go away refreshed and again spread the report of the artistic and moral and religious supremacy of Bayreuth; and the world listens and goes up joyfully to Bayreuth to be taxed—one pound sterling per head per "Parsifal" representation. The performances over, the world comes away mightily edified, having seen nothing with its own eyes, heard nothing with its own ears, having understood nothing at all. Having, in fact, so totally miscomprehended everything as to think "Parsifal" a Christian drama; having been too deaf to realize that the singers were frequently out of the key, and too blind to observe that the scenery in the second act resembled a cheap cretonne and that many of the flower-maidens were at least eight feet in circumference. On the way home the world whiles away the long railway journey by reading metaphysical disquisitions on "'Parsifal' and the Ideal Woman," "'Parsifal' and the Thing-in-Itself," "The Swan in 'Parsifal' and its Relation to the Higher Vegetarianism." It knows the name of every leit-motif and can nearly pronounce the German for it; it can refer to the Essay on Beethoven apropos of Kundry's scream (or yawn) in the second act; it can chat learnedly of Klingsor, in pathetic ignorance of his real offence, and explain why Amfortas has his wound on the right side although the libretto distinctly states it to be situated on the left. It is a fact that this year a lady was heard to ask why Parsifal quarrelled with his wife in the second act; and I may mention that an admirer of "Parsifal" asked me who the dark man was in the first act of "The Valkyrie" and whether Sieglinde or Brünnhilde was burnt in the last. The which is eminently amusing, and conjures up before one a vision of Richard, not wailing, like the youth in Shelley's "Prometheus Unbound," for the faith he kindled, but gazing patiently, rather wearily, with a kindly ironical smile, on the world he conquered, on the world that adores him *because* it fails to understand him.

Happily it is not my business to reform the world; and at this late date, when so many of the idealists who felt with Parsifal in his remorse about the duck-shooting episode are applying the lesson by wantonly slaughtering every harmless creature they can hit, it would be superfluous to point out in any detail how

very wrong and absurd is the world's estimate of the Bayreuth performance. In fact, were it my object to assist in the destruction of Bayreuth no better plan could be found than that of approving cordially of everything Bayreuth does. For it is fast driving away all sincere lovers of Wagner; it lives now on fashionable ladies, betting men and politicians; when the fashion changes and these depart the Bayreuth festivals will come to an end. Bayreuth is only an affectation; not one pilgrim in a hundred understands "The Ring" or "Parsifal"; not one in a thousand is really impressed by anything deeper than the mere novelty of the business. Visitors go and are moved by the shooting of the duck (the libretto calls it a swan, but the management chooses to use a duck); they talk of Wagner's love of animals and of how they love animals themselves; they go straight from Bayreuth to Scotland and show their love in true sportsmanlike fashion by treating animals, birds and fishes with a degree of cruelty so appalling as to disgust every right-thinking and right-feeling man and woman; and they tell you that the stag likes to be disembowelled, the bird to have its wings shattered, the fish to be torn to pieces in its agonized struggle for life. Or having been moved by the consequences of sin, they straightway go and prepare cases for the divorce courts; having appreciated the purity and peace of monastery life and a daily communion service they return without hesitation or sense of inconsistency to their favourite modes of gambling; having revelled in the most lovely music in the world they proceed to listen nightly to the ugliest and silliest music in the world. Their appreciation of Bayreuth is a sham; they would cheerfully go elsewhere—say to Homburg—if Bayreuth were shut up; and before long they will go to Homburg or elsewhere whether Bayreuth is shut up or not. But I want to go to Bayreuth: therefore I must point out—though, as I have said, in no detail—what is wrong, and what must be done to draw enough people to keep the show running. I assume of course that there are a number of people who actually want to hear "Parsifal"; and as a matter of fact, despite the poverty and immoral tendency of the drama, it is well worth hearing, rightly performed.

To begin with, there was little fault to find with the orchestra. Seidl conducted. It was necessary for me to come down very heavily upon him when he was at Covent Garden in the summer; and how he played so badly then is inexplicable to me after hearing him play so finely at Bayreuth. After Siegfried Wagner's wretched muddling in "The Ring" it was delightful merely to feel secure against blundering; but, besides that, Seidl's interpretation of many parts—the prelude, the flower-maidens' waltz, the Good-Friday music—had a delicacy and sweetness of which I had not thought him capable. In a word his conducting of the opera was a thoroughly competent piece of work which makes me hope that when he plays here next year he will be able to treat "Siegfried," "The Valkyrie," "Tristan" and the rest with greater justice than he did this year. But when I have mentioned this, and the fine acting and singing of Brema as Kundry, of Perron as Amfortas, of Van Dyck as Parsifal and of Wachter as Gurnemanz, the list of good features is exhausted. To come to the unsatisfactory ones, the flower-maidens were horrifying. They were nearly all, I was assured, distinguished prima-donnas from other theatres; and that was easily believed. Repeatedly, when I was sitting with some German friend partaking of the national fluid which is the despair of the drunkard because fruition (as Dr. Johnson calls it) never arrives, a respectable lady of mature years and very considerable dimensions would pass; and my friend would point her out as Frau — of the — Opera. When I asked what part she was taking in the Festival, the answer was "She is one of the flower-maidens." Thus I gradually learnt why Parsifal was quite able to withstand their wiles: Klingsor himself, in his palmiest days, could have resisted them without an effort. Their dresses and headgear alone were enough to have turned Don Juan from his ways—that is to say they were as ugly in form and as distracting in colour as any German hausfrau's holiday attire. The chorus of knights was less ludicrous; but the procession business was painfully

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suggestive of soldiers drilling; and the drinking at the love-feast was like the drinking of a health at the solemnly inebriated stage of an alderman's dinner. What the little children were doing there I cannot guess: the boys might possibly be press-ganged to recruit the body of knights; but what is supposed to become of the girls? They are not mentioned in the score; and they cannot belong to any of the choirs, for the chorus is heard from the middle height and the dome after they have marched out. But the most odious feature of the whole business was the scenery. It was like a series of German chromolithographs. It did not even possess the ordinary Bayreuth merit of realism. The great hall seemed jerry-built; the Magic garden was obvious canvas and pasteboard; the backcloth in the first scene of the last act was too evidently a backcloth. The colours throughout were joy-killing; they matched excellently the dresses of the flower-maidens. Finally, there was no trace of the Wagner spirit in any part of the performance. The Wagner spirit was an artistic spirit, and though there are indications of pains having been taken with many details, there are no indications of the pains having been taken by people of the artistic temperament. The Wagner tribe doubtless are zealous and earnest enough; but earnestness and zeal do not connote artistic temperament or even ability. I may close these belated remarks by pointing out that Bayreuth needs, for "Parsifal," (1) entirely new scenery and dresses designed by artists with something better than Whitechapel tastes in colour; (2) a new pack of flower-maidens, if possible none of them to be over 60 years of age; (3) a stage-director who will substitute something approaching natural and flexible acting for the present wooden and artificial attitudinizing. If these things could be done at any rate the performances would cease to be generators of centrifugal force: they might not precisely attract people, but they would not send them flying off at a tangent in disorderly crowds.

Naturally I repaired to the Court Theatre on Wednesday evening to hear "The Children of the King." A fairy tale in three acts, translated by Carl Armbruster, from the German of Ernest Rosmer. Revised by John Davidson. The music composed by Engelbert Humperdinck. The music, however, is of the slightest; and though the play seems to me utter rubbish, calculated to please neither young nor grown-up children, it will be fairer to the management if I say nothing about the affair, but hand it over to my colleague G. B. S. For I cordially hate all spoken plays; and the modern theatre is to me the abomination of desolation.

J. F. R.

THE THEATRES.

"Never Again." A farcical comedy in three acts. By Maurice Desvallières and Antony Mars. Vaudeville Theatre, 11 October, 1897.

"One Summer's Day." A love story in three acts. By H. V. Esmond. Comedy Theatre.

"The White Heather." By Cecil Raleigh and Henry Hamilton. Drury Lane Theatre.

I CAN hardly estimate offhand how many visits to "Never Again" at the Vaudeville would enable an acute acrostician to unravel its plot. Probably not less than seventeen. It may be that there is really no plot, and that the whole bewildering tangle of names and relationships is a sham. If so, it shows how superfluous a real plot is. In this play every one who opens a door and sees somebody outside it utters a yell of dismay and slams the door to as if the fiend in person had knocked at it. When anybody enters a room, he or she is received with a roar of confusion and terror, and frantically ejected by bodily violence. The audience does not know why; but as each member of it thinks he ought to, and believes that his neighbour does, he echoes the yell of the actor with a shout of laughter; and so the piece "goes" immensely. It is, to my taste, a vulgar, stupid, noisy, headachy, tedious business. One actor, Mr. Ferdinand Gottschalk, shows remarkable talent, both as actor and mimic, in the part of a German musician; but this character is named Katzenjammer, which can produce no effect whatever on those who do not know what it means, and must

sicken those who do. There is of course a Shakespearean precedent in "Twelfth Night"; but even in the spacious times of great Elizabeth they did not keep repeating Sir Toby's surname all over the stage, whereas this play is all Katzenjammer: the word is thrown in the face of the audience every two or three minutes. Unfortunately this is only part of the puerile enjoyment of mischief and coarseness for their own sakes which is characteristic not so much of the play as of the method of its presentation. And as that method is aggressively American, and is apparently part of a general design on Mr. Charles Frohman's part to smarten up our stage habits by Americanizing them, it raises a much larger question than the merits of an insignificant version of a loose French farce.

I need hardly point out to intelligent Americans that any difference which exists between American methods and English ones must necessarily present itself to the American as an inferiority on the part of the English, and to the Englishman as an inferiority on the part of the Americans; for it is obvious that if the two nations were agreed as to the superiority of any particular method, they would both adopt it, and the difference would disappear, since it can hardly be seriously contended that the average English actor cannot, if he chooses, do anything that the average American actor can do, or vice versa. Consequently nothing is more natural and inevitable than that Mr. Frohman, confronted with English stage business, should feel absolutely confident that he can alter it for the better. But it does not at all follow that the English public will agree with him. For example, if in a farcical comedy a contretemps is produced by the arrival of an unwelcome visitor, and the English actor extricates himself from the difficulty by half bowing, half coaxing the intruder out, it may seem to Mr. Frohman much funnier and livelier that he should resort to the summary and violent methods of a potman, especially if the visitor is an elderly lady. Now I do not deny that Mr. Frohman may strike on a stratum of English society which will agree with him, nor even that for twenty years to come the largest fortunes made in theatrical enterprise may be made by exploiting that stratum; but to English people who have learnt the art of playgoing at our best theatres, such horseplay is simply silly. Again, it may seem to Mr. Frohman, as it did once (and probably does still) to Mr. Augustin Daly, that the way to work every act of a comedy up to a rattling finish is to upset chairs, smash plates, make all the women faint and all the men tumble over one another. But in London we are apt to receive that sort of thing so coldly even in its proper place in the rallies of a harlequinade that there is no temptation to West End managers to condescend to it. The truth is, all this knockabout stuff, these coarse pleasantries about women's petticoats, Katzenjammer, and so forth, belong, not to American civilization, but to American barbarism. It converts what might be, at worst, a wittily licentious form of comedy for licentiously witty people into a crude sort of entertainment for a crude sort of audience. The more it tries to hustle and bustle me into enjoying myself, the more does it put me on my most melancholy dignity, and set me reflecting funereally on the probable future of a race nursed on such amusements. To save myself from pessimism I have to remind myself that neither in America nor here is the taste for them a mature taste, and that the Americans in particular are so far from being its partisans that they rate English acting and English methods far higher than we do ourselves.

There is, however, a heavy account on the other side. The routine of melodrama and farcical comedy is not a fine art: it is an industry; and in it the industrial qualities of the Americans shine out. Their companies are smarter, better drilled, work harder and faster, waste less time, and know their business better than English companies. They do not select duffers when they can help it; and though the duffer may occasionally get engaged *faute de mieux*, as a dog gets eaten during a siege, he does not find that there is a living for him in melodrama, and so gets driven into the fashionable drama of the day, in which he will easily obtain engagements if he convinces the manager that he is a

desirable private acquaintance. A good deal of the technique acquired by American actors no doubt makes one almost long for the fatuous complacency of the British "walker-on"; but still it is at least an accomplishment which raises its possessor above the level of an unskilled labourer; and the value of a well-directed systematic cultivation of executive skill will be appreciated by any one who compares the speech of Miss Maud Jeffries and the physical expertness of Miss Fay Davis with those of English actresses of their own age and standing. Now in so far as Mr. Frohman's Americanizations tend to smarten the organization of English stage business, and to demand from every actor at least some scrap of trained athleticism of speech and movement, they are welcome. So far, too, as the influence of a bright, brainy people, full of fun and curiosity, can wake our drama up from the half-asleep, half-drunk delirium of brainless sentimentality in which it is apt to wallow, it will be a good influence. But in so far as it means mechanical horseplay, prurient pleasantries, and deliberate nastinesses of the Katzenjammer order, it is our business to reform the Americans, not theirs to reform us. When it comes to the stupidities, follies and grossnesses of the stage, we may safely be left to our native resources, which have never yet failed us in such matters.

The only notable addition to the Vaudeville company is Mr. Allan Aynesworth, who keeps up the fun with an unsparing devotion to a bad play which must be extremely touching to the author. I do not believe he understands the plot, because no man can do what is impossible; but he quite persuades the audience that he does.

"One Summer's Day" at the Comedy Theatre is a play written by Mr. Esmond to please himself. Some plays are written to please the author; some to please the actor-manager (these are the worst); some to please the public; and some—my own, for instance—to please nobody. Next to my plan, I prefer Mr. Esmond's; but it undoubtedly leads to self-indulgence. When Mr. Esmond, in the third act of a comedy, slaughters an innocent little boy to squeeze two pennorth of sentiment out of his mangled body, humanity protests. If Mr. Esmond were hard to move, one might excuse him for resorting to extreme measures. But he is, on the contrary, a highly susceptible man. He gets a perfect ocean of sentiment out of Dick and Dick's pipe. If you ask who Dick was, I reply that that is not the point. It is in the name Dick—in its tender familiarity, its unaffected good-nature, its modest sincerity, its combination of womanly affectionateness with manly strength, that the charm resides. If you say that the name Dick does not convey this to you, I can only say that it does to Mr. Esmond when associated with a pipe; and that if your imagination is too sluggish or prosaic to see it, then that is your misfortune and not Mr. Esmond's fault. He cherishes Dick more consistently than Thackeray cherished Colonel Newcome; for he tells you nothing unpleasant, and indeed nothing credible, about him; whereas Thackeray, being daimonic as well as sentimental, must paint his Colonel remorselessly as a fool, humbug and swindler with one hand, whilst vainly claiming the world's affection for him with the other. Dick's drawbacks are not hinted at. Provided you take him on trust, and Maysie on trust, and indeed everybody else on trust, "One Summer's Day" is a quite touching play. Mr. Hawtrey has finally to dissolve in tears, like the player in "Hamlet"; and he does it like a true comedian: that is, in earnest, and consequently almost distressingly. That is the penalty of comedian-ship: it involves humanity, which forbids its possessor to enjoy grief. Your true pathetic actor is a rare mixture of monstrous callousness and monstrous vanity. To him suffering means nothing but a bait to catch sympathy. He enjoys his malingering; and so does the audience. Mr. Hawtrey does not enjoy it; and the result is an impression of genuine grief, which makes it seem quite brutal to stare at him. Fortunately, this is only for a moment, at the end of the play, just after Mr. Esmond's massacre of the innocent. For the rest, he is as entertaining as ever, and happily much smoother, pleasanter, sunnier and younger than Mr. Esmond evidently intended Dick to be. I really could not have

stood Dick if he had gone through with the Dobbin-Newcome formula, and robbed good-nature of grace and self-respect. The comic part of the play has a certain youthfully mischievous quality, which produces good entertainment with a lovesick schoolboy, excellently played by Mr. Kenneth Douglas, and an impossible but amusing urchin impersonated by Master Bottomley. But Mrs. Bendyshe, whose part is so poor that it would conquer Mrs. Charles Calvert if she were conquerable, which it seems she is not, and Mr. Bendyshe, one of her husbands (she seemed to have two), exhibit Mr. Esmond as descending from the dignity of dramatic authorship to lark boyishly at the expense of his elderly fellow-creatures. Miss Eva Moore's Maysie secures the success of the piece, though the part is not difficult enough to tax her powers seriously.

The Drury Lane play proves Mr. Arthur Collins to be every whit as competent a manager of Harrisian drama as the illustrious founder of that form of art was himself. In fact, Mr. Collins, as a younger man, with a smarter and more modern standard, does the thing rather better. Sir Augustus, lavish as to the trappings and suits of his fashionable scenes, was reckless as to the presentability of their wearers. Compare Mr. Collins's cycling parade in Battersea Park, for instance, with Sir Augustus's church parade in Hyde Park! There is no reason to suppose that Battersea has cost a farthing more; yet it is ten times more plausible. It is not given to all "extra ladies" to look ladylike in proportion to the costliness of their attire: on the contrary, many of them have the gift of looking respectable in the uniform of a parlourmaid, or even in a shawl, gown, apron and ostrich-feathered hat, but outrageous and disreputable in a fashionable frock confected by an expensive modiste. Now whether Sir Augustus knew the difference, and cynically selected the disreputable people as likely to be more attractive to the sailorlike simplicity of the average playgoer, or whether he had a bad eye for such distinctions, just as some people have a bad ear for music, there can be no doubt that not even the Vicar of Wakefield could have been imposed on by his fashionable crowds. Mr. Collins is much more successful in this respect. As I saw "The White Heather" from a rather remote corner of the stalls, distance may have lent my view some enchantment; but as far as I could see, Mr. Collins does not, if he can help it, pay an extravagant sum for a dress, and then put it on the back of a young lady who obviously could not have become possessed of it by ladylike means. His casting of principal parts is also much better: he goes straight to the mark with Mrs. John Wood where Sir Augustus would have missed it with Miss Fanny Brough (an habitually unshared tragi-comic actress); and he refines the whole play by putting Miss Kate Rorke and Miss Beatrice Lamb into parts which would formerly have been given respectively to a purely melodramatic heroine and villainess. Indeed he has in one instance overshot the mark in improving the company; for though he has replaced the usual funny man with a much higher class of comedian in Mr. De Lange, the authors have abjectly failed to provide the actor with anything better than the poorest sort of clowning part; and as Mr. De Lange is not a clown, he can only help the play, at a sacrifice of "comic relief," by virtually suppressing the buffoonery with which the authors wanted to spoil it. In short, everything is improved at Drury Lane except the drama, which, though very ingeniously adapted to its purpose, and not without flashes of wit (mostly at its own expense), remains as mechanical and as void of real dramatic illusion as the equally ingenious contrivances of the lock up the river, the descent of the divers and their combat under the sea, the Stock Exchange, and the reproduction of the costume ball at Devonshire House.

Naturally, though there is plenty of competent acting that amply fulfils the requirements of the occasion, the principals have nothing to do that can add to their established reputations. Mr. Robert Loraine as Dick Beach was new to me; but he played so well that I concluded that it was I, and not Mr. Loraine, who was the novice in the matter.

G. B. S.

MONEY MATTERS.

IT was generally taken for granted that the Bank directors would have raised the standard rate on Thursday, and the announcement that the advance was to 3 per cent. was received very quietly by the market. The Joint Stock banks raised their deposit rate by $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., at $1\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Short loans were arranged at about $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., a good deal of money having been in request for the Stock Exchange settlement. Little discount business was transacted during the week, and three months fine bills were generally arranged at about $2\frac{7}{8}$ per cent. The Bank of England Return showed a very slight advance in the proportion of reserve to liabilities at 43.71 per cent., some of the figures in the Return being interesting and showing important changes. The bullion declined by £1,199,080, as much as £918,000 having been taken for export. But the reserve only decreased by £658,565, owing to a return on balance of notes £540,515.

Consols showed no appreciable change during the week, and business was almost at a standstill. Yesterday morning the quotation was $111\frac{1}{8}$ for money and $111\frac{1}{4}$ for the account, whilst India Rupee Paper was without noteworthy alteration at $63\frac{1}{2}$. Among Foreign Government Stocks there was no activity outside the settlement, and the market remained featureless. Dealers in the Home Railway Market confined their interest to one or two favoured securities. Metropolitans continued their steady advance, and yesterday morning were quoted at $133\frac{1}{2}$, after having been 134. This showed a gain of over 3 points since Monday. The Southern Deferred Stocks were firm, Bertha at $178\frac{1}{4}$ showing a rise of $\frac{1}{4}$ and Dora at 119 a rise of $\frac{1}{8}$. There were no other features.

Metropolitans were quite the centre of attraction in the Home Railway Market this week. Since January of last year this stock has risen from about 91 to 134. Of course this extraordinary advance is due chiefly to the extension of the Manchester and Sheffield and the connexion of that Company with the Metropolitan at Quaintan Road, which will without doubt add greatly to the traffic of the latter Company. But, apart from these bullish prospects, the Metropolitan has earned the favour in which it is held in Capel Court by traffic results during the last few months. In this respect there has been during the current year a total increase of £10,000. How happy must those feel who have held the stock since 1895!

Quiet depression characterized the American Market during the four days between Monday and yesterday morning. In Wall Street the market lacked support, and as a consequence prices in London showed some serious falls on balance. Milwaukee, Louisvilles, and New York Central all showed losses of about \$3. Northern Pacific Preference and Southern Preference fell about \$2 each, whilst other declines ranged from $\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{1}{2}$.

As has been the case for many weeks, the South African Mining Market was rich in gossip and poor in business. The most interesting day during the present week was Monday, for on that morning was received the contradiction of the report of Mr. Rhodes's serious illness, and the Rand output for September. The latter was returned at 262,150 ozs. and was quite up to market expectations. It was impossible that two such important items of good news could be altogether without effect on the market, and most of the Rand group responded with advances more or less marked, though in no case particularly important. The rest of the week was spent in vain efforts to agitate business, but without effect. East Rands were ostentatiously picked up by a rather well-known man during the early part of the week, and there was an attempt to derive encouragement from the purchase of 4,000 Goldfields, but with little result. On Thursday it was whispered that most of the reforms would be granted within a few days, but the hint fell on the ears of a callous, dispirited and disbelieving market.

The one market in which the settlement failed to check the steady course of new business was that devoted to Westralian mines. The activity that distinguished this section last week showed no abatement, and each day some new feature prevailed to lend colour to business and supply subjects for the gossips and sensation-mongers. Of course there were realizations. What else was to be expected after the remarkable rise that took place during previous weeks? But though this selling was at times considerable, ready purchasers were found and prices in most cases quickly recovered their temporary loss. Adelaide supported the market in a remarkable manner, snapping up all it could get and setting an example to the investor at home, who, to do him justice, is beginning to realize that he has been half asleep. Lake View Consols at $111\frac{1}{8}$ showed an advance yesterday morning of $1\frac{1}{8}$. It was stated that rich stone had been struck in the new shaft, and the market was also encouraged by an output of over six thousand ounces for last month. Great Boulders showed even a bigger advance between Monday morning and yesterday morning than they did last week, having scored an advance of $1\frac{1}{2}$ at $11\frac{1}{2}$. Great Boulder Perseverance also supplied a feature on Thursday, when a sharp advance took place to the extent of $1\frac{1}{8}$, at 58. Apart from the support which these shares are receiving from Adelaide, it is worth pointing out that rumour is remarkably favourable to these shares. All sorts of gossip are current concerning the richness of the telluride ore that was recently discovered; but it is well to bear in mind that as yet it is nothing but gossip. New Ivanhoes opened strong yesterday morning at $6\frac{1}{2}$, whilst Hannan's Brownhill gained $\frac{1}{8}$ at $61\frac{1}{8}$, and Golden Horseshoes $\frac{1}{8}$, at $61\frac{1}{8}$. Among finance and exploring companies both the Whittaker Wright and Bottomley groups were better on the week, with fractional gains.

It is some weeks since we stated that Sir Edgar Vincent would shortly retire from the director-generalship of the Imperial Ottoman Bank. Reuter's Constantinople agent cables to say that the post will be offered to Sir Vincent Caillard, one of the names we mentioned at the time. But it is highly improbable that Sir Vincent will give up his present position to succeed Sir Edgar. The future career of the latter will be watched with interest. He is still a young man, intensely clever and ambitious, and above all he has a beautiful and charming wife.

It is very distressing to watch the unseemly and unblushing manner in which the middle classes wash their dirty linen in public. The squabble between Mr. Gordon and his co-directors is being carried on with an aggressive ostentation that becomes sickening if followed too closely by people of nervous refinement. Thursday's meeting finished in an uproar, and the squabble was adjourned for a fortnight. In the meanwhile, it is gratifying to know that Mr. Gordon intends to stick to the Gordon Hotels till he is turned out. And thus the Gordons, the Maples, the Baileys, the Hollands, and other suburban celebrities may be expected to occupy the attention of a gaping public for some time to come.

NEW ISSUES, &c.

MR. KEMP-WELCH AS BRER RABBIT.

In spite of our insistence, Mr. Kemp-Welch seems determined to meet our natural curiosity with the policy of "lying low and sayin' nuffin'." The policy is a popular one, but in this case it will not avail him much. In his now famous speech to the shareholders of Schweppe he declared that he had made no profit on the promotion other than that made by all the other directors. Now as the French proverb tells us that whoever excuses himself impliedly accuses himself, we wanted to know why Mr. Kemp-Welch made a merit of mere honesty. Had he been accused of making illicit profits, and, if so, why didn't he meet the charge fairly and frankly? Mr. Kemp-Welch still maintains a discreet silence.

We drew attention also to the fact that Mr. Kemp-

Welch was not an ordinary man. We expect more than ordinary commercial morality from the professor of righteousness, the extemporaneous preacher, and the beneficent donor of tin chapels. We wanted to know, and we still want to know, what Mr. Kemp-Welch would think of the man who should turn his fiduciary position as managing director of a company—that is, his position as trustee for other men—into a means of filling his own pockets. Since when is it such a merit not to be a scoundrel that Mr. Kemp-Welch should boast of ordinary honesty as if it were a superlative virtue?

We also noticed at the time that Mr. Kemp-Welch spoke of the shareholders of Schweppe as "happy shareholders." The Deferred shares in Schweppe, which with proper business management should be worth 25s., and which, with such business management as distinguished Apollinaris, would be worth £5, are to-day practically unsaleable at less than 10s. One thing consequently is certain. Mr. Kemp-Welch must be far from the best business manager in the kingdom. His friends say in his excuse that he is an old man and that he has to take holidays of three months in length, and that therefore the business of Schweppe suffers. We care nothing for these explanations. In the interests of the shareholders in Schweppe and as believers in Schweppe, we advise Mr. Kemp-Welch to resign his directorship and to let a younger man do the work he is either too weak or too incompetent to perform.

We may add that we intend to return to this subject, and very possibly may amplify the points we have already made. In the meantime we await a full explanation from Mr. Kemp-Welch.

BARNEY BARNATO'S ESTATE.

The astonishment created by the statement that the amount of the late Mr. Barney Barnato's estate is under a million sterling has not yet entirely died out. It was supposed by the ordinary public that Mr. Barnato in his life was worth many millions. It was known by his friends that he was worth at least five millions. To both it came as a shock and a surprise to learn that probate was to be paid on less than a million. The late Mr. Barnato was not one of the most reticent of men. In convivial moments he was wont to assure A, B, and C that he had something like £600,000 of floating balance at Glyn's and the London and Westminster Bank, "and by God, my boy, £300,000 wouldn't cover my private accounts at Coutts's." Was all this brag and bombast, the mere foolish exhalations of an optimist who knew that his wealth was his chief recommendation? It is said not. We are assured on good authority that the million which was declared for probate was practically current money of the merchant that Mr. Barnato had loose in England.

The contention of the executors, it appears, is that this money is the only part of Mr. Barnato's estate on which probate should be paid. They rely on the provision in Sir William Harcourt's Finance Act of 1894 that the Death duties are to be paid on the property situated abroad of a British subject only when at the time of his death he is domiciled in England. To make their contention valid, they assert that when the late Mr. Barnato died he had not an English domicile. But what about the house in Park Lane? Did that not belong to Mr. Barnato? There can be no doubt about one fact. He boasted of it as his a hundred times, and again and again vaunted its architecture, which no one save the owner could be expected to do. Moreover, did he not lay its topmost stone and invite visitors to attend the ceremony, bringing with him as supporter-in-chief Mr. Ernest Wells of the "— Kitchen"? It appears that the whole world was mistaken, that even Mr. Barney Barnato himself was mistaken. The ornate mansion in Park Lane was, it appears, bought by Mr. Wolf Joël and sold by Mr. Wolf Joël, and never at any time belonged legally and technically to Mr. Barney Barnato. If this contention could be put before the deceased millionaire we can imagine how he would receive it, and the language he would use. The truth is that the house in Park Lane was bought for Mr. Barney Barnato and that he spoke of it again and again as his

house, treated it as his house, and regarded it as his true domicile.

We have written all this in the public interest. It is not right that the personality of millionaires should be minimized by their relatives. It is known that the three partners in the Barnato Bank, the late Mr. Barney Barnato, Mr. Harry Barnato and Mr. Wolf Joël, were all enormously wealthy. None of them, we believe, have taken anything out of the Bank. All that the firm has made has gone into it, and it is an open secret that the holding in it of the late Mr. Barnato alone amounted to something like five millions sterling. But on the great mass of this wealth no probate duty is to be paid, and it is openly asserted that Mr. Harry Barnato has withdrawn from the office of executor because he declined to be a party to the contention that his brother's estate was under a million. Would it not have been better, fairer to the public and more generous to the memory of the deceased, to have abandoned quibbles and to have declared for probate on the whole amount? If a man at the age of forty-five can have rolled up five or six millions, he is expected to do something for humanity, something for charity. But there are no public works to the credit of the late Mr. Barnato, no eleemosynary foundations. We cannot expect all millionaires to be Peabodies. But we can and do expect them to recognize the share of the community in their wealth. The Death duties on the whole of the late Mr. Barnato's estate would almost pay for a first-class cruiser. The deceased millionaire should at least in this way, though tardily and involuntarily, contribute something to the nation's good.

THE NEW COLOSSUS OF BRITISH COLUMBIA.

Mr. Whittaker Wright, of the London and Globe and other Australian ventures, and a self-made millionaire, is a man of ability and capacity. His worst enemies would not say less of him than that. But other qualities are required before he can be a second Mr. Rhodes. Nevertheless, it is this that he aspires to become. At the head of a Chartered Company he is to be the new Colossus of British Columbia. Mr. Rhodes and Sir Taubman Goldie were content with one charter. Mr. Whittaker Wright goes one better and has two. The first of these is a mining charter, which permits him to levy a duty of $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on all minerals taken out of British Columbia. The second enables him to put a sort of octroi duty of $7\frac{1}{2}$ or 10 per cent. on all goods that go into British Columbia. How Mr. Wright persuaded the Dominion Parliament to grant him these charters at the end of the nineteenth century it is difficult to imagine. That they are valid we doubt; that they will be cancelled we feel certain. One day we may tell the whole story of how they were acquired. For the present it is sufficient to say that Mr. Wright thinks they are worth a million apiece, and he is going to sell them to the public for $.2\frac{1}{2}$ millions. The Company will be brought out in a few weeks. In the meantime Mr. Bottomley is raging furiously.

A CYCLE REVOLUTION.

"How to get rid of your cycle shares" is a problem that is puzzling many a well-to-do man in the City at present. We would refer these gentlemen to the prospectus of Home Industries, Limited, a moth development of the chrysalis "Cycle Industries Corporation, Limited." The Company has a capital of £100,000, half of which is divided into Seven per Cent. Preference shares, and the other half into Ordinary shares of £1 each. In the prospectus is published a letter from Messrs. W. H. Davis & Company to the Hon. Henry A. Stanhope, chairman. (By the way, the Board is aristocratic, for it also includes Lord George Loftus, of Drury Lane fame, and one of the latest recruits to the guinea-pig army.) Messrs. Davis & Company's letter states that the profits of the Cycle Industries Corporation from January to September, 1897, as per the balance-sheet prepared by somebody else, amount to £8,551. The average ignoramus will be impressed by these figures, and will throw up his arms in pious admiration when he reads that such a business is to be sold for £43,715. But if all this really meant what many shallow and foolish people will imagine it

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does, it would spell "charity" in company-promotion ethics. But it means nothing of the sort. The new Company has to take over *book debts* as well as *debentures and shares in various concerns*. Most of the latter, it is safe to assume, are of the genus cycle; and that is why we advise the many who wish to get rid of their cycle shares to imitate the ingenious vendors of the Home Industries, Limited. But alas! this is not the only unsatisfactory aspect of the prospectus. The profits—£8,551—so kindly certified by Messrs. W. H. Davis & Company are not guaranteed as *net* profits. Gross profits have a habit of being swallowed up by circumstances over which even company-promoters have no control.

BUBBLES!

Phillips Hoskins & Company, Limited, of Bristol, may for aught we know produce excellent soap—but the prospectus "won't wash." Obvious humour, but painfully true! We say that they *may* manufacture excellent soap; for, to tell the honest truth, we have never seen nor heard of their goods before, and those friends whom we have questioned on the subject appear to suffer from equal ignorance. This is not surprising, for the trade hitherto "has been confined almost entirely to South Wales and the West of England." We have seen something of the population of Bristol at Weston-super-Mare and other holiday resorts, and cannot help thinking that had this firm confined its cleansing enthusiasm to its native town, a good deal of wholesome and much-needed work would have been accomplished. Messrs. Phillips Hoskins & Company's goods include "Mother's Help Washer" and other sonorous specialities. "Among the regular customers of the firm are numerous steam laundries, asylums, convents"—why not monasteries as well? Perhaps soap is not so popular a commodity with the monk. As regards the business side of this prospectus, it is sadly lacking in those definite details which carry conviction to the heart of prospective investors. Much is made of the success which has attended the flotation of A. & F. Pears, Lever Brothers, Price's Patent Candle Company and other well-known firms. Of course these businesses were much more popular and firmly established than this comparatively unknown enterprise; and resource to odious and absurd comparisons betrays a feeling of weakness rather than strength on the part of the promoters. Then we have a picture of the warehouses, with innumerable chimneys giving forth volumes of black smoke, whilst dotty little men drive wee horses and roll along tiny barrels of soap. The picture is so impressive that we look inside to see how much all these grand buildings are worth. But there is no valuation report! That is awkward for the promoters, because the public will assume that the property is by no means so valuable as the picture would imply. We next turn to the accountants' certificate to see what profits there have been, anxious to know whether £1,000 or £3,000 per annum has been realized. But evidently the promoters are not such fools as to tell us. A Bristol accountant, of the name of Grigg, certifies that for the five years ended 31 March, 1896, the profits, all jumbled together, represented 12 per cent. on "the capital employed." This certificate is more than impudent, it is funny! During the last eighteen months the business may have become utterly worthless for all the accountant tells us. Even up to March 1896, Mr. Grigg avoids revealing annual profits. "Twelve per cent. on the capital employed." Was there ever such amusing effrontery? What was the capital employed? Why! for aught we can know from such a certificate the firm may not have made £500 during the entire period of its existence. The whole prospectus is beneath contempt. Suffice to add that the promoters have gathered together a board of unknown gentlemen from all parts of the country, except the neighbourhood of Bristol. £31,500 is asked for this business. The public's pockets are the anticipated source.

A BIG DEMAND.

Outside the world of company-promotion it is impossible that so large a sum as £103,000 could be asked on the slender credentials presented by the vendors of the Caledonian (Ceylon) Tea Estates, Limited. We merely refer to what is revealed in the prospectus, for

it is on the strength of that document that the public are asked to subscribe. No doubt it is not an easy matter to estimate the value of tea estates, but the promoters might at least have attempted to get some independent witness to testify approximately the value of the property. Instead of this, the public are merely told in the most casual way, without any authoritative signature to the statement, that the net profits of the Venture and Selegama estates for the season ended 30 June, 1897, and of the Lawrence estate for the year 1896 were nearly £7,000. This is a most unsatisfactory and irresponsible method of describing profits. In the first place, for some reason best known to the promoters and directors, "seasons" are jumbled up with "years" in the most perplexing manner. In the second place, there is an entire absence of the usual independent accountancy. The average Englishman will have the sense to demand some definite explanation of the expression "nearly £7,000," and also of the word "season" in connexion with this business. He will also want to know why the promoters do not give the net profits, if any, of each estate separately. Why this perplexing jumble? It is true that Mr. J. Stanley M. Ross gives an estimate of what the present season will yield, but then Mr. Ross is general manager of the properties, and gentlemen in his position are apt to be over-optimistic, on paper at any rate. The prospectus is devoid of a single independent testimonial. In view of this, it is worth while pointing out that the vendors intend taking £68,000 of the purchase price in cash. So much for their belief in the shares of the new enterprise! The share capital of the Company is £200,000, divided into 10,000 Cumulative Preference shares of £10 each and 10,000 Ordinary shares of £10 each. There is also £70,000 Debenture capital in debentures of £100 each. The Preference shares are to bear six per cent. and the Debentures five per cent. The present issue consists of 2,400 Preference shares, 2,400 Ordinary shares, and 270 Debentures.

THE AUTOMATIC CHARWOMAN.

The prospectus of the Gee Floor Scrubbing Machine Company which has been haunting the atmosphere like an unnatural dream for some time past is at last advertised. The machine is no doubt all that the inventor claims for it. But, in view of the fact that the preposterous sum of £50,000 is asked for the patent, we feel it our duty to point out that the enterprise is of a very prospective character. Such a sum would be ridiculously large for most inventions with a certain future; but the career of this Company is distinctly uncertain. The capital of the Company is £75,000 in £1 shares. £25,000 is thus available for working capital.

WEST AUSTRALIAN SMELTING.

For some time past there has been grumbling among those interested in West Australian enterprise at the absence of smelting works in the Colony. Most of this class of business has hitherto had to be given to neighbouring colonies, chiefly South Australia. The Western Australian Smelting Company, Limited, to which Brookman's Gold Exploration and Finance Corporation invite the public to subscribe for 100,000 shares, is intended to remedy this. The capital is £350,000 divided into £1 shares. The immediate object of the enterprise is, according to the prospectus, to erect metallurgical works at Fremantle, Western Australia, for the treatment of gold and other ores, and of acquiring a special lease granted by the Western Australian Government of 25 acres at Rocky Bay, about a mile north-east of the new Fremantle Harbour, in consideration of the lessee erecting smelting works; 1,090 acres of freehold lead mines, including Narra Tarra, Wheal Ellen, and Badra, in Northampton (W.A.); the ironstone hill known as Avon, in the Avon district (W.A.), containing 100 acres; and eight mineral leases, containing 115 acres, situated in Northampton (W.A.). The Government of Western Australia has, it is said, promised to extend the line of railways to the works with the main trunk line from Kalgoorlie and the northern fields by a branch line free of all cost to this Company, and to ask Parliament to provide a sum of

£5,000, to be paid to this Company as a cash bonus as soon as the works are erected under the lease and 1,000 tons of ore successfully smelted. The purchase price fixed by the vendors is, to say the least, large. £250,000 is to be paid in fully paid shares, and £25,000 in cash.

ADVICE TO INVESTORS.

KLONDYKE (B. R., Chelsea).—Both the Companies you mention are of a most prospective character, and you will run a great risk by investing. One of them, we hear, only just struggled to allotment by the aid of borrowings on the part of the directors.

BRITISH WORKMEN'S AND GENERAL (Brummagem).—Many thanks for your letter, with the sentiments of which we quite agree.

HANNAN'S GOLD ESTATES (Investor, Bayswater).—We answered your question in last week's issue. Our advice is, hold for the present.

RUDGE WHITWORTH (Foreign) (B. J. R., Kensington).—Considering the present state of the cycle market, you might find a far more attractive investment.

HOME INDUSTRIES (Widow, Brighton).—See our remarks above.

CROWN REEFS (Kaffir King, Portsmouth).—Hold at present.

CHARTEREDS (Major, Dublin).—You might purchase, if you intend to hold for a length of time.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE LAWS OF GOLF.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

RANELAGH (ten yards from the Seventh Hole),
Monday afternoon.

SIR,—I have been here for at least five minutes. Six times have I striven, with the mashie, to get out. At last I am on top of the battlement bordering the bunker on the north. Instead of being allowed to go on, I must, I am told, drop myself over my shoulder into the bunker, and begin the siege again. Is this a rational law? I ask not only on my own account, but on account, also, of the foursome behind, who, having just got over the Long Water, are now in suspended animation and (I have no doubt) making evil remarks while, to cool my nerves, I write this protest to you.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

A BISHOP IN A BUNKER.

THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER OF INDIA.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—There are now 65,000 soldiers under arms on the North-West Frontier of India, described as "the flower of the British and native armies," armed, equipped and trained up to the latest standard. Of these, about 35,000 men are this week to attack the Afridis and some neighbouring tribes, numbering probably 25,000 fighting men, who carry swords and matchlocks, with a proportion—say 10 per cent.—of breechloading rifles. The result will not long remain in doubt.

Against such numbers the Afridis can make no stand. They will fight and retreat to the higher ranges of the Sofoed Koh, where their women and children will already have taken refuge. When snow falls, they must make their submission on our own terms. Much will depend upon the conditions we impose. To disarm them effectually is impossible. To lay out cantonments and "light railways" in their midst might be premature, and yet to punish them as they deserve is imperative. Inadequate fines and worthless security for future good conduct will be forthcoming. The surrender of all their hereditary rights and pretensions in the Khyber and Kohat Passes should be insisted on, and we may as an "Imperial" stroke include, among other penalties, a thousand young hostages to garrison Suakin and Berber.

The remedy demanded by the Press for past troubles is to be immediate and permanent. "Once and for all" is the popular phrase. Speaking of the border generally, nothing less than a solid occupation up to the Durand frontier will achieve this end, and our entanglements will begin again with the tribes beyond that still imaginary line, whether the Ameer of Afghanistan is friendly or otherwise, and it is hard to say where they

will cease, short of Cabul and Candahar. The Afridis have never known a master, and they will not give up their independence in one short campaign. Even if they surrender their arms they will arm again. The gun trade in Cabul, already flourishing, will receive a fresh impetus. The Sikhs, after two desperate wars, accepted defeat, and became our obedient subjects, because they inhabit the plains, and have always been subject to some sort of rule, like all dwellers in the plains. They have not the mountaineer's passionate love of freedom nor the bulwarks of nature to befriend them.

The Montenegrins, the Abyssinians, the Goorkhas of Nepal, the Circassians, and the Kaffirs are examples of prolonged resistance to subjection, though the two last were eventually conquered by methods which we are not likely to adopt—namely, extermination. The Bartle Frere-Lytton-Colley frontier policy, which was conceived in 1877, and afterwards came under more distinguished patronage, has failed to conciliate the tribesmen. They are not to be cajoled into "friendly intercourse" by means of posts and roads and promises of non-interference. They decline to be tickled into singing our National Anthem, and if we thrash them into it the spirit of vengeance will be added to the spirit of mischief, which will surely drive them into the arms of the invader whenever he appears. If that venerable bogey has any sense of humour he must laugh at the ridiculous situation in which a few Cossacks on the Pamirs have landed us. The game of brag has been well played by our opponents, the blister has drawn, our strength has been wasted, and our weak points have been laid bare. Travelling politicians, foreign professors and exploring captains, who all write delightful books and vouch for the strategic importance of Chitral, have had their say. "Retired Governors and Generals" who write to the "Times" have proved blind prophets, for they predicted no "disasters" and no "incident of Empire" likely to call 65,000 men into the field at the worst season of the year. A statesman is wanted, but is not to be found in India. "Inexorable fate" dogs the Forward party, and drives it from bad to worse in its hysterical course. But there is still hope that Her Majesty's Ministers in Downing Street will now take up the matter and dictate their final measures with an honest conviction of the mistakes of 1895. The Sikhs are often quoted as an example of how we ought to deal with our Affghan neighbours. The analogy is absurd. When the Khalsa army crossed the Sutlej to invade India in 1845-46, and again challenged us in 1848, we fought and beat that warlike people in six desperate battles. At Ferozeshah the British forces numbered fewer than 17,000 men, and their loss in killed and wounded amounted to 2,400. The Sikhs were estimated to be 50,000 strong. They suffered immense losses, and we captured 73 guns at the point of the bayonet. At Sobraon the Sikhs were defeated with the loss of 10,000 men and 67 guns, our own killed and wounded numbering 2,380 men. Mood-kee and Aliwal were minor but sanguinary engagements. In 1848 Lord Gough, the hero of those victories, fought the battle of Chilianwala, with 14,000 men and 66 guns, the total British loss being 2,338. The battle of Goojerat followed, and finally broke up the Sikh power. In none of these great battles did the British forces exceed 20,000 men. Both sides fought at close quarters, with firearms of equal value—namely, the muzzle-loading smoothbore of the period. These facts and figures remind us of what the British soldier has done on the plains of India. They also establish the valour of the Sikh under similar conditions.

The Goorkha and the Afridi have always proved our best soldiers in hill warfare. The numbers of the former are limited; the latter cannot for the present be counted on. There remain the British soldier and the Sikh. Of the last, good and trusty warriors as they are, it is possible to have too many under arms, especially in the Punjab, bearing in mind their history, and the fact that though they helped to save us in 1857, they nearly swamped us in 1845-46. These considerations are stamped as "obsolete." They point to the hope of a reaction in favour of the views of the greatest of Indian Viceroys—Lord Lawrence. They may appeal to a statesman, if not to a Jingo, of the same political persuasion as the writer.—Yours, &c., B.

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SUPPLEMENT.

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REVIEWS.

NELSON AND HIS "EMMA."

"Lady Hamilton and Lord Nelson." By John Cordy Jeaffreson. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1897.

MR. JOHN CORDY JEAFFRESON is the direct inheritor of the spirit of the late James Paget, whose "Blackwood" Essays, published many years ago under the title of "Paradoxes and Puzzles," are at this day far too little known. Paget was emphatically the advocate of heroes, real or fictitious. He tilted against Macaulay in passionate defence of William Penn; he blasted Mrs. Beecher Stowe's Byronic vapourings with the breath of his nostrils, and his passion invariably waxed into fury whenever the name of Nelson was attacked. Mr. Jeaffreson is certainly not so bloodthirsty as Paget, and he affects an impartiality that is at times almost imposing in its expression; but it is the same kind of inspiration which fills him, the same kind of anxiety to reach a more or less satisfactory and truthful relation of things, combined with an unmistakable sympathy for the subjects of his narrative and a determination to square that sympathy with his truthful relation if it can by any possibility be managed. The mingling together of all these qualities makes of Mr. Jeaffreson a most amusing—though not always a consciously amusing—historian. In his frantic endeavour to show, if he does not always feel, his ascetic impartiality, he airs his views upon the sacredness of domestic associations in the sternest language of Christian morality; yet one is conscious that all the time he has a sly sympathy with the backsliders which he allows, if the phrase may be permitted, to break out in a peculiar voluptuousness of language. "It is possible," says Mr. Jeaffreson, "for generous and chivalric men to be once and again wanting in common civility to the weak," and you see his simper of virtue as he says it; "beautiful in every other part of her person that came to the view of her multitudinous admirers, Lady Hamilton had graceless ankles and large feet," he writes elsewhere, and you perceive as visibly the bland smile of the pleased connoisseur. He describes the attractions of the frail Emma in delightful Puritan language as a temptation which rendered Nelson "the prey and victim of the sudden and irresistible impulse of Passion that was followed by the birth of Horatia at some hour between the beginning of the 20th and the close of the 31st of January, 1801." He adds that it was an offence that, "whilst pointing to the vehemence of the assault to which he succumbed, must have reduced beneath the normal standard his power of resisting the fiercest and most unruly of passions," and yet you cannot be blind to the relish with which, after a long and carefully studied description of Emma's surpassing charms, he impresses you with a knowledge of the "shape whose contours already showed how perfect they would be in the season of their maturity." The net result is a highly amusing and interesting book; for Mr. Jeaffreson, with all his curious contradictoriness of character, usually writes well, and is for this reason engrossing just because he reveals his own tendencies so cleverly.

The work has moreover a general historical value of real and genuine interest. So far as documentary evidence goes, it probably says the last word upon a matter that is always naturally interesting and absorbing to the universal public. We put less value upon a great deal of Mr. Jeaffreson's special pleading, particularly in the matter of what he calls the first "lamentable incident" of Lady Hamilton's and Nelson's connexion, that famous "impulse of Passion that was followed by the birth of Horatia." It was, says Mr. Jeaffreson (not to put it flippantly), their one fall down to date, although their acquaintance and something more than friendship had been ripening for more than seven years. "Was a man of this sort," he asks indignantly, "likely to violate his most solemn notions of right on the first temptation to error?"—and all the rest of the familiar

sort of rhetoric. We can only say that the same rhetoric would be tenfold more applicable, in the absence of other evidence, to the case of the man who nursed Sir William Hamilton on his death-bed and described the old husband as "my dear friend." We are not judging Nelson; we do but point out the futility of Mr. Jeaffreson's rhetoric and prefer to take the natural and uncharitable view of the matter. While recognizing, again, something not very short of brilliance in the portrait here given of Lady Hamilton, we cannot but think that Mr. Jeaffreson scarcely allows her full credit for the extraordinary goodness of her impulses, particularly in the early part of her career. Thrown by the most odious of compacts from man to man for protection, she still persuades you of the utter, the almost abandoned sincerity with which she indulges sentiments that you would have said no human being could conceivably have entertained; and it is really this shining and intensely vital characteristic which is the chief excuse, if excuse is wanted, for the frailty of her career. And that is a hard word—depravity—which Mr. Jeaffreson uses of certain later developments of character, when she committed what were doubtless inexcusable actions, but too obviously for the sake of those necessities for which her weakness clamoured. The fact is, however, that poor Emma, with all her charms, was no heroine, and it is for the hero that Mr. Jeaffreson reserves his special pleading and rhetoric. We have given one example; another, and even a more glaring instance, is manifest in his treatment of Nelson's relations with Lady Nelson. The bare and unsympathetic fact is that in proportion to the growth of Lady Hamilton's influence over his affections his regard for "my Fanny" cooled down with every symptom of rapidity, and he took the easiest and most obvious methods of ridding himself of her importunities. To say, as Mr. Jeaffreson does, that "even as the strong have their seasons of obliquity and good people sometimes give their enemies occasion to charge them with hypocrisy, it is possible for generous and chivalric men to be once and again wanting in civility to the weak," is the most arrant fustian. Nelson behaved badly—as we use the cant phrase—to his wife, and there's an end of the matter, and all the talk of "the pain" which it must give the reader to "think of the great and good Nelson bickering with his wife at their fireside" is entirely beside the issue. The great and good Nelson might just as well include the smaller in the greater lapse. For the rest, we part in perfect peace with Mr. Jeaffreson, who has certainly contrived to write a book which is full of point and which is illuminated by vivid and extremely well-conceived portraits; we can even praise his humour, though with reservations; you cannot let yourself go off in unstinted gush over the humour of an author who says of his Emma that she went year after year to stay with the Boltons "in the place that in later time became Rider Haggard's birthplace!" Think of it, and of the reflex glory with which it covers Romney's divine lady.

A SCOTS RESURRECTIONIST.

"The 'Blackwood' Group." By Sir George Douglas. Famous Scots Series. Edinburgh: Oliphant. 1897.

TO have been pestered by the Kailyarders who are irritatingly alive is surely no sufficient reason why we should be bored by the Kailyarders who are irretrievably dead. Yet here in this volume we have the resurrectionist at work, digging in the clay-cold pages of "Blackwood," and dragging forth the bones of poor old Kit North, with some other rude forefathers of the Kailyard clan. It is a gruesome business; so that even Sir George Douglas, that hardened resurrectionist, plays the part with a shamefaced air of apology. For he seems to be well aware that the Scottish Yorick who set the table in a roar with his "Noctes Ambrosianæ" has now become merely a legend and an astonishment. An astonishment: because the torrential rhetoric with which Kit North flooded the pages of "Maga" and achieved notoriety now makes us a-weary; because his raw pathos provokes a smile; because his humour—the naked humour of the Cave-man—drives us to

instant melancholy. And all these faults are fully emphasized by Sir George Douglas; yet he does the author of the "Noctes" this ill service of resurrection—at the bidding, as one may suppose, of a misguided publisher. Alas! poor Christopher!

Of the other Scots authors who are dragged into this "Blackwood" group little need be said. There is John Galt, author of "The Provost" and other tales of the haggis type, who had the tireless productiveness of the kailyard in a special degree, and is now paying the penalty. One or two of his stories have an archaeological interest for those who can wrestle with the broadest of Scots in search of a primitive Scots pawkiness, but the bulk of his work is hopelessly dead. Dead also is the muse of the once-famous "Delta," with his thin Mrs. Hemanism and his vapid melancholy; even the impossible clownishness of his "Mansie Waugh" has ceased from the Penny Reciters. Then there is Miss Susan Ferrier, who is fondly described as "the Scottish Jane Austen" by her uncritical countrymen. She was the Marie Corelli of her little day; she was eulogized by Sir Walter Scott and the great Jeffrey; therefore she is now hopelessly unreadable. Indeed, they are all dead, these "Blackwood" scribblers. All except one. Michael Scott is still triumphantly alive; the author of "Tom Cringle's Log" is still read by men, and beloved by boys. For assuredly Michael Scott was no Kailyard—as an artist he loved truth too well and scorned the sentimental lie always and everywhere. Wherefore he has his reward.

A MEDIÆVAL MAGICIAN.

"An Inquiry into the Life and Legend of Michael Scot." By J. Wood Brown, M.A. Edinburgh: Douglas. 1897.

THE influence of modern methods of historical study cannot be shown more clearly than by pointing to such works as the one before us. Fifty years ago a fascinating little collection of legends, and still more legendary truths, would have been built up into an easy flowing narrative—interesting, truthlike, and unreliable. To-day an author feels himself bound to learn the names of the authorities upon his subject, and does not consider his work done till he has consulted some at least of the manuscripts and records upon which all history is ultimately based. The imposing array of footnotes, the lists of manuscripts, the references to authorities, are, like the hypocrisy which is said to be the tribute that vice pays to virtue, the recognition of the rights of history by the dilettante. There is, moreover, between the utterly incompetent and the serious student a wide debateable land. Not the least praiseworthy of those who inhabit this borderland is the class of leisured amateurs—hobby-hunters they may be called—whose attention has been accidentally called to a subject, and who gather together, without much method or training, such statements regarding the subject of their researches as happen to come within the knowledge of their friends and themselves. They are not without their uses to the world. Their subjects often lie outside the range of scholars, and they have always the merit of being interesting to the desultory reader.

Those of us who had the good fortune to read "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" before our critical faculties were awakened are hardly likely to forget the picture of the old wizard lying clasping his book in his opened tomb at Melrose. Legendary as his story may be, the career of the historical Michael Scot must have been strange and romantic. Born in the debateable land between England and Scotland (there is no reason to doubt the tradition which makes him a native of the jurisdiction of Durham), we find him high in favour at court of the magnificent Frederic II. in semi-Saracen Sicily or translating the treatises of Arab philosophers in Spain. The ascertained facts of his life are few. He was in Sicily before 1209 and after 1220. He was in Paris at 1230; these are nearly all the facts we know. He seems to have been born in the closing years of the twelfth century and to have died before 1232. The first chapter of Mr. Brown's book is a monument of guesswork. He must have gone to

Roxburgh Grammar School, because there was a Grammar School there in the twelfth century. "With regard to Durham, the matter may be considered to stand on firmer ground"—the firmer ground being that the "Cathedral School of Durham was a famous one." It "is not unlikely" that he went to Oxford—evidence none. "Roger Bacon shows a great familiarity with Scot"—enough at any rate to call him an ignorant pretender. The account given of Scot's studies at Paris sufficiently illustrates Mr. Brown's familiarity with the mediæval University. He sees in the sobriquet "Michael the Mathematician" an indication of skill in mathematics, forgetful probably of the classical and mediæval meaning of mathematicus, and his respect for the title Master of Arts is unbounded. He thinks the "Trivium" and "Quadrivium" were serious studies, instead of being the mere preliminaries to a course of one of the higher faculties, and deduces from the chance expression of a fifteenth-century manuscript—chief master—that "Scot then according to the testimony of early times was the supreme master of this department of knowledge." He is ignorant that Doctor and Master were used indifferently of the degree in theology. Another unproven statement is "that Scot took Holy Orders seems very probable." The evidence for this is a provision to a benefice and an offer of a bishopric, Orders not necessarily being implied in either case until the office was assumed. Another important piece of information is given in a footnote without the shadow of any authority being quoted. "He probably joined the Cistercian Order," perhaps because his legendary grave was in a Cistercian Abbey; lastly, this "brightest of all those choice spirits of the schools on which Paris set her stamp" must have studied at Bologna, because Boccaccio mentions his name one hundred and fifty years later in a story. It must not, however, be inferred from this catalogue of guesses that the whole of Mr. Brown's book is built on the same plan. It is, in the main, an extremely interesting picture of the work of a scholar of eminence in the early years of the thirteenth century. Some of the chapters are extremely interesting, and if their bearing on the life of Michael Scot is slight, there is always a definite connexion in the author's mind. Among these excursions is a very interesting account of the *Secreta Secretorum*, for the most part correct, though *Johannis Hispalensis* is in the oldest manuscripts *Hispanensis*—of "Spain," not "of Seville"—and instead of *Tarasias*, Queen of Spain, *Teophina* is found. There is also some objection to quoting half a dozen manuscripts in as many libraries when the British Museum alone has forty, the *Bibliothèque Nationale* some twenty-five and the other great libraries proportionate numbers. Mr. Brown makes also a slight bibliographical error in saying that the 1501 edition was printed at Venice.

To suppose that Aristotle is ever assumed to be identical with *Nectanebus* in the Alexander story is another curious blunder. The author has curiously reversed the real facts in assuming *Alberic Besançon* to give a late form of the legend. His identification of *Merlin* and *Maugis* (in the "Four Sons of Aymon") is without even the shadow of justification, and his statement that the word *Arithmetic* is derived from *Algorism* (p. 100) must surely be a misprint. It is a pity to pass over so striking a figure as that of *Joachim of Flora* with the remark that he was an abbot who died in 1202, or to lend the shadow of credence to the singular delusion that *Provençal* poetry was a mere cover for *Albigensian* doctrine. On the other hand, Mr. Brown's hint as to the origin of the legend which tells us of the famous book "*De tribus impostoribus*" is an excellent one.

Mr. Brown has rendered excellent service by reprinting in his appendices some tracts dealing with alchemy and witchcraft, connected with the name of Michael Scot. The chapter in which he treats of mediæval alchemy is very good and contains but one error: a notion of the elixir of life was introduced to the Arab alchemists from China, and from them it passed into Western Europe. The little tract on necromancy gives a vivid idea of the mediæval methods of black-magic and is one of the earliest printed. Lastly, we may add that the supposition that the magician in the *S. Maria*

Novella fresco, reproduced as a frontispiece, may be intended for Michael Scot seems the most probable of the book.

On the whole, the public have some reason to be grateful to Mr. Brown for the book he has given them, and if we have pointed out some slips and errors, it is because the general excellence of the book makes them more noticeable than they otherwise would have been.

SPORTING SOCIETY.

"On Sporting Chat and Sporting Memories." Edited by Fox Russell. London: Bellairs & Co. 1897.

MR. FOX RUSSELL has hitched together an exceedingly capable team of contributors, though naturally they are inclined to get out of hand. In other words, they not infrequently contradict each other. This of course was to be expected. No one is more dogmatic than your literary sportsman who has broached a theory and adapts his experiences to it. One man denounces the battue, in which another delights; one, like "Old Calabar," detests driving, declaring in the face of facts and figures that it is playing mischief with the moors; while another, like Captain Bird Thompson, pronounces it the finest of all forms of sport. On these differences the reader may pronounce for himself; probably he has already formed a decided opinion. But, on the other hand, he will be struck and amused by the harmony of undesigned coincidences in the contributions that are pure fiction. It is only fair to say that these are generally exciting and entertaining, though occasionally they run into extravagant burlesque. But the plot always turns on the sensational triumph of innocence or mediocrity: a sharper overreaches himself and is put in a hole; a novice in the pigskin lands a winner by a neck, though his shifty competitor could give weight to a professional; or a pretender generously favoured with a perilous mount pulls through by a marvellous concatenation of providences and lands himself in a highly advantageous marriage.

There is a monotony in many graphic representations of meets which demonstrates the realistic fidelity of the pictures. The same scratch lot of sporting characters always turn up—the doctor, the vet, the farmers on the young 'uns who rush their fences, and the hunting parson—who apparently is not yet extinct. No one can complain of lack of variety, and although the contributions generally are in rattling vein, there are picturesque descriptions with much useful information. It is remarkable that there is nothing about coaching or driving. Otherwise there is something to suit every taste, from the contemplative punt-fisher to the hard rider who has never as yet come to grief, and takes a line of his own over timber and water as if he had several spare necks in his pockets. The articles that pleased us most are "A Dog Hunt on the Berwyns," by Christopher Davis, of the Fens, an account of how a foxhound bitch outlawed for notorious sheep-killing was run down, strange to say, after a two days' chase by a pack of her own blood and kin; "Stag-hunting on Exmoor," to which Captain Redway, to his credit, has actually given an air of novelty; "A Day with the Drag" at Woolwich, by the Editor; and "How I won my Handicap," a record of sharp sprinting, in every sense, by a professional, and the solitary piece of condescension to essentially popular sport.

SOME MINOR LITERATURE.

"The Balladists." By John Geddie. Famous Scots Series. Edinburgh and London: Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier. 1897.

THE object of this pleasantly written little volume is to extract the marrow of the Scottish Ballad Minstrelsy and to awaken or renew a relish for the contents of the Ballad Book, for "to know and love these grand old songs is," says Mr. Geddie, "its own exceeding great reward." The marrow of these ballads Mr. Geddie most certainly does not extract, for some of the best of them are passed over without anything being extracted from them at all, and even where selections are given they by no means exhaust the

beauties of the particular ballads from which they are cited. But as a sketch of the history of the Scotch ballads and as a general account of some of the most remarkable of them Mr. Geddie's little volume is excellent, and we recommend it to the notice of all tiroes in this singularly interesting branch of literary study. There is, however, one thing which Mr. Geddie would have done well to notice. It is undoubtedly true that there is scarcely a stanza—he goes too far in saying "a line"—in the existing body of Scottish ballad poetry that can be traced with certainty further back than the sixteenth century; but there can be little doubt that in many cases what we have now are merely recensions of originals which have perished. This is commonly the history of popular epics and lyrics. The Beowulf, for instance, in the form in which it has come down to us is almost certainly as late as the reign of Alfred, but there can be little doubt that in an earlier form it existed in the seventh century, perhaps earlier. So with the Robin Hood Ballads. As we have them now they belong at latest to the fifteenth century, in their earlier form they belonged to the latter end of the twelfth or the beginning of the thirteenth century.

"Wit, Wisdom and Folly." By J. Villin Marmery. London: Digby, Long & Co. 1897.

The compiler of this volume, proceeding on the assumption that "in these times of ours the general reader has no leisure to take up long or serious books," aspires to furnish "general readers" with the sort of book which they presumably will take up; and a hundred miscellanea digested into chapters and cooked up from innumerable anas, histories, and memoirs, ranging from Herodotus to Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, is the result. The book is handsomely got up, type and paper being irreproachable, and prettily illustrated. For the rest there is nothing to distinguish it from the myriad other *tolerabiles ineptiæ* for which the assumed taste of that much misrepresented person—for whom, however, we have more respect than Mr. Marmery appears to have—to wit, the general reader, is responsible.

EX-LIBRIS.

"French Book-plates." By Walter Hamilton. Second Edition, Revised. London: Bell. 1896.

SINCE . . . 1892 the taste for collecting book-plates has spread with such rapidity that that which was formerly the hobby of a few has now become the serious pursuit of the many." With these words Mr. Hamilton begins the preface to the second edition of his work, and whether or no we agree with him in thinking this a desirable form of "intense literary activity," we cannot at least shut our eyes on a movement which supports societies and journals in England, France, Germany and the United States, to name only the more important.

Till books were multiplied a simple inscription was found sufficient to mark their ownership when not indicated in the decoration of the volume; but as printing came into general use a divergence in habit took place. German books are found early in the sixteenth century bearing a label with their owner's name or a rough woodcut of his arms or device; while no French books are known with a dated label earlier than 1574, much about the date when they are first found in England. These labels are the book-plates proper, to the pursuit of which English collectors restrain themselves; while the French collector of *ex-Libris* bags autographs on title-pages and the arms and devices on the bindings of books as well. It is a little hard to understand the glow of righteous indignation with which an English collector regards this laxity. A book-plate shows the connexion between a particular person and a particular book: when removed from the book it becomes a piece of engraving—usually bad, nearly always uninteresting—a monument of the bad taste of the person who removed it from the book and of him who placed it in an album. If the plates have never been used, their possession is less blameworthy; the collection raises itself to the harmless level of a schoolboy's box of army buttons or album of

postage stamps. Few collections, however, have this modified innocence: at least one-third of the book-plates met with have caused the destruction of the book in which they were originally put.

If, however, this form of "literary activity" is to be recognized at all, collectors will find in Mr. Hamilton a worthy guide. It is interesting to gather that the author thinks that the sort of people who will buy his book need to be told such elementary facts about French history as the dates of the Kings of France since Louis XIV. and of the various Revolutions. We do not quarrel with him for it; his opinion coincides with our own, and we would suggest that in a future edition he should translate the Latin mottoes. Some of our author's material, however, does not seem so germane to his subject. It is difficult to see what connexion there is between French book-plates and a disquisition on the French Revolution, including copies of a *lettre de cachet* and an *ordre de mise en liberté*, and an incorrect account of the taking of the Bastille, though it begins with the Du Barry and illustrates it with the Bastille book-plate. Nor can we justify, even on the ground of ignorance, the statement that the feudal privileges of the noblesse were "many of them grossly immoral" in the eighteenth century, however true such a statement might be of the eleventh. *Ne sutor*, let Mr. Hamilton stick to book-plates and heraldry, make his indexes longer, and leave history to people who care more for books than for their covers or labels.

BACON'S ESSAYS.

"Bacon's Essays." Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by Alfred S. West. Cambridge: At the University Press. 1897.

JUDICIOUS compilation is now all that is left to an editor of "Bacon's Essays." Since Archbishop Whately published his edition in 1856, edition after edition has succeeded, and within the last few years Mr. Aldis Wright, Dr. Abbott, Mr. S. H. Reynolds and Messrs. Hunter, Selby, Storr, Gibson and others have swelled the list of commentators on Bacon's most popular writings. The present work may be said to summarize the labours of these editors and indeed leaves nothing to be desired. The text is that of the final edition of 1625, which, with certain modifications of spelling and punctuation, is faithfully reproduced. Obsolete words and phrases are explained in foot-notes; where more extended commentary is required it is given in the Notes at the end of the volume, while an index of proper names contains all the information necessary under that heading. We have not noticed any errors or inaccuracies, and we can heartily recommend this most laudable work both to schools and colleges which have the fear of examinations before their eyes and to the general reader who wishes to read the essays with comfort and facility. We are glad to be able to congratulate the Pitt Press on the publication of the present book.

MR. ROTHENSTEIN'S LITHOGRAPHS.

"English Portraits: a series of Lithographed Drawings," by Will Rothenstein. London: Grant Richards. 1897.

THE first five parts of this work, which we have as yet received, contain portraits of Sir Frederick Pollock, Mr. Thomas Hardy, Sir F. Seymour Haden, Mr. William Archer, Mr. Lecky, Mr. Sargent, Mr. Pinero, Mr. Henley, the Bishop of London, and the Marchioness of Granby. The work, which will consist of twelve parts when completed, has been issued in the same form as Mr. Rothenstein's "Oxford Portraits," which were reviewed at length in these pages some months ago. What was then said of his work might equally be said of the present series: it shows a distinct advance on his earlier lithographs in the expression of form and character, and in the finer and more subtle qualities of draughtsmanship. The portraits of Mr. Henley and Mr. Lecky are especially successful. This series, moreover, appeals to a far wider public than the Oxford series. We wish it the success which it undoubtedly deserves.

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REVIEWS.

TENNYSON.

"Alfred, Lord Tennyson." A Memoir by his Son.
2 vols. London: Macmillan. 1897.

THE daily newspapers, in accordance with an increasing but detestable custom, have helped themselves to all the more sensational features of this book. Nowadays, on the very morning when a biographical work is "published," the Press flings itself upon it, like a horde of greedy children tearing a pudding in pieces for the sake of its plums and pieces of citron-peel, and reproduces, pressed together without any mutual relation, all its best anecdotes and striking sayings. The art of biography has sunken low in this country, and nothing could be better calculated to reduce it still further than this tiresome practice. Rarely, however, have the purveyors of *ana* had a richer treat than Lord Tennyson has provided for them, and much as they may steal and spoil, far more must remain for quieter readers to enjoy. Let it be said at once, and said without reserve, this is a contribution to English literature as unique as it is invaluable.

The portrait of the poet here presented to us suffers from one disadvantage, which, however, is amply counterbalanced by a rare and signal merit. Lord Tennyson's piety foils us on one hand, but his modesty rewards us on the other. It cannot be denied that a skilful stranger—not a son, or even a son not writing under the eye of a widowed mother—might have permitted himself to draw a truer, and therefore a more vigorous and picturesque, portrait. The impression which a respectful and admiring observer of the poet during his lifetime carried away was, it is indisputable, more rough than that which Lord Tennyson gives. Those of us who knew—and adored—the author of "Locksley Hall" could wish that there appeared in the pages before us rather less of the archangel and rather more of the tiger-cat. Some of the contributors of reminiscences here are far greater sinners in this respect than the biographer himself, and we should like to commend to them, if not to him, the remarks of Boswell to Mrs. Thrale. This is the main defect of the volumes—there is a little too much canonization in them, a little less than should be of that rugged savagery of tongue and manner which covered the sweetness of Tennyson's nature like the acrid skin of a rich pear. Given the conditions under which the book was composed, it was practically impossible that this should be presented. But its absence must be noted.

This disadvantage is, however, redeemed by the modesty which has taught the author on all possible occasions to withdraw behind his subject, and let his father speak for himself. The Tennyson as a prose-writer and the Tennyson as a social being which these volumes bring forward are revelations. During his long and glorious career, Tennyson scarcely ever, on the most trivial occasion, appeared in public without his singing-rob. It was almost the same in Browning's case, but when the veil of intimacy was lifted by Mrs. Orr and others, it was found that Browning had an excellent reason for his discretion; he refused to write in prose because he could not—because, deprived of the artistic form, his utterance had no distinction. No one would have been surprised to learn that this was the case with Tennyson also; what is surprising is to find him one of the most picturesque, individual and whimsical of letter-writers, and capable of describing emotions, both human and natural, in prose of a remarkable delicacy. We cannot think the arrangement of the correspondence in these volumes happy; the poet's letters are scattered, and not always easy to find. But when we do find them, and bring them side by side, we discover that a new letter-writer is added to the Cowpers and Byrons and Horace Walpoles of our epistolary literature.

Not so much of value is to be found in the hitherto unpublished verses. These consist of about thirty complete poems, and a variety of fragments and alternative versions. They are mainly chips from a poet's workshop, and the fact that he retained them from publication adds to our conviction of the tact and

self-knowledge which directed Tennyson's appeal to the public. A ghostly lyric, entitled "The Mother's Ghost," and a snatch of highly melodious philosophic song, "Whispers," both dating from about 1834, are the most valuable of the hitherto unpublished pieces. A special interest attaches to "Anacaona" (*circa* 1829), on account of the fascination which its redundant music and colour exercised on the poet's undergraduate friends; he did not publish it in the 1830 volume "because the natural history and the rhymes did not satisfy him." He was perfectly right to suppress it, for it is crowded with faults of execution, yet up to the time it was written Tennyson had perhaps given no evidence so strong of the genius within him. Of the other new poems, certain sonnets, especially an early one "To Poesy," are not unworthy of Tennyson's fame, and an exercise in the "In Memoriam" measure, called "The Philosopher," is pleasing. Such unpublished political poems as "Jack Tar" and "Havelock" had better have remained unpublished, for they lack just the verve and flush necessary to give life to this species of poetry. A splenetic copy of verses satirizing "Cambridge in 1830" bears a remarkable likeness to Gray's "Hymn to Ignorance," written with the same purpose and in the same spirit ninety years earlier. Lord Tennyson, however, is in error in supposing this unpublished; we have been familiar with it for at least twenty years. But the rather absurd line

"Your gardens and your bustled libraries"

here appears, less equivocally,

"Your gardens, myriad-volumed libraries."

It would be interesting to know when the poet introduced this improvement.

The critical utterances of the poet have been carefully collected by Lord Tennyson, and they offer features of real importance. It is very interesting to discover how the work of his great predecessors and coevals struck a craftsman who had no academic prejudices and approached the subject from the practical side. As a rule, Tennyson was remarkably modest, even a little shy and timid, in expressing an opinion about poetry in the presence of those who had made it their study, and, among those who had not done so, he was apt to hold aloof from the topic. But in his letters his replies to his critics are as trenchant as ingenious, and his answer to an impudent letter from a certain Peter Bayne, who roundly told Tennyson of "a serious flaw allowed to remain" in one of his lyrics, is quite refreshing to read; and to his son he is found to have spoken of the principles and practice of poetic art with delightful fulness. Of Mr. Swinburne he said: "He is a reed through which all things blow into music." For Christina Rossetti, "as a true artist, he expressed profound respect." All his remarks about the poetry of Browning are full of acumen and generous perspicacity. "There is something of the innermost soul of poetry in almost everything Keats ever wrote." He spoke of "Pope's lancet-touches," the "merciless sledge-hammer thud" of Crabbe's couplets, of "Gray's wonderful ear," of Poe as "the most original American genius." Of the "Hylas" of Theocritus he said: "I should be content to die if I had written anything equal to this." To commend the "Odyssey" was "like praising Monte Rosa." Of the anapaestic of the eighteenth century, "People nowadays hold this style and metre light; I wish there were any who could put words together with such exquisite flow and evenness." Of Wordsworth he spoke with constant reverence, but lamented that his noble Muse was so "thick-ankled." When the silly of the earth were hiding their prurient faces with their fingers from Rossetti's "Nuptial Sleep," Tennyson particularly expressed the deep impression made upon him by "the passion and imaginative power" of that sonnet. These examples could be extended almost indefinitely. They are all "of the centre," they all indicate an instinct as classical as it was exquisitely sensitive.

Tennyson was not at all interested in bibliography, and his son treats that science with some scorn. This is rather unfortunate, for it detracts from the value of his own "Chronology" of his father's poems. Lord Tennyson has lost a fine opportunity of really making this list complete, for his omissions are numerous and he proceeds on no consistent principle. He records the

appearance of "The Last Tournament" in the "Contemporary Review," which he had no business to do in a catalogue of volumes, and entirely omits the private edition of that poem in book form in 1871. He chronicles "The Silent Voices" of 1892, yet omits the "Lucretius" of 1868 and "The Throstle" of 1889, which were similarly issued in pamphlet-form. In a note, in another part of the book, he misdates "The Throstle" 1891. If Lord Tennyson possesses a "Holy Grail" dated 1869, it is a great curiosity; the earliest title-page known to collectors is that of 1870. We look in vain in this "Chronology" for the "Enid and Nimue" of 1857, or even (and this is astonishing) for the "Morte d'Arthur; Dora; and other Idylls" of 1842, a volume of very great interest to the student of the poet. It is true that in the body of his work Lord Tennyson gives us valuable particulars about certain of the rare trial-issues, but not nearly enough, and it is plain that their significance escapes him. He would do well, in future editions of his work, to call in the aid of a practised bibliographer. In the next edition, by the way, the name of Edward FitzGerald, which is mis-spelt, not once or twice, but scores of times, might receive its proper orthography.

The exactitude of Tennyson's observation of natural phenomena has long been remarked. The notes and letters in these volumes give abundant fresh evidence of it. His images drawn from nature were so startlingly novel that they were sometimes violently attacked for inaccuracy; some of us may remember the newspaper controversies on the "scream" of the wave descending the shingle, and the sudden "smoking" of the yew-tree. It was easy to prove that the poet used his eyes and that his opponents did not. The notes on birds here are of the highest interest, as, for instance, in the letters to the Duke of Argyll about "the sea-blue bird of March," and later, about flocks of the cross-bill. At one time Tennyson stayed in the New Forest with Lord Lilford, in order to observe bird-life in the company of that eminent ornithologist. The poet's accuracy is still occasionally called in question, and lately Mr. A. C. Benson has found fault with him for speaking of "the sudden laughter of the jay," when it ought to be the woodpecker. But Tennyson must have been more familiar with jays than with woodpeckers in the woods round Somersby, and, later on, he knew his "yaffle" well. Besides, the scream of the jay, though not so merry as the woodpecker's, may well be taken for a rude and sinister cackinnation. We confess that we have tested Tennyson's knowledge of natural phenomena carefully, and in every case merely to be amazed at its exactitude. It strikes us as rash to take for granted that he was at fault, without the very closest examination of the facts.

This extremely and exceptionally valuable work is not presented to us by the publishers in a form quite adequate to its importance. The reproduction of drawings and MSS. have a common look, the cover is poor and gaudy, and, a still worse defect, the page is crowded with type at the expense of the margin, which is so reduced that no one will wish to preserve the volumes by binding them.

THE WHITEWASHING OF THE CELT.

"The Saxon and the Celt." By J. M. Robertson.
London: University Press, Limited. 1897.

TO vindicate the Celt in the abstract and relatively neutral regions of ethnology and anthropology; to trace him from his first obscure origin, as indicated by Herodotus, in the Danube valley along his wayward course down the ages, exhibiting him always as the blameless victim of Teutonic aggression and misrepresentation till we find him at length settled in Ireland, voluble and aggrieved as ever, protesting in this year of grace 1897, as a nation and a man, against the refusal on the part of his "Saxon" oppressors to give him Home Rule—all this and more is the subject of Mr. Robertson's book. It is an epic theme and one worthy of a Homer re-born into a later age which has read Weismann. To have treated it with the somewhat ponderous seriousness of a scientific treatise as Mr. Robertson has done—"A Study in Sociology" is

his sub-title—is, we feel, to have missed a great opportunity. "The Saxon and the Celt" is avowedly put together," Mr. Robertson tells us in his preface, "partly by way of discrediting the habit, common among the opponents of the Irish Nationalist movement, of setting down Irish difficulties to peculiarities of the character of the Irish race." The book is in fact an elaborate political pamphlet thinly disguised under the garb of science; for though Mr. Robertson asserts that he "takes up an independent and non-partizan position," and modestly disclaims any responsibility for "the talk of politicians" with whose program he happens to be in agreement, this assertion is made in the calm seclusion of his preface; and when he has warmed to the work the man of science is forgotten in the politician. As a result Mr. Robertson has vitiated his science by his politics, and cramped his politics by his science. *Parturiunt*—the science of comparative sociology: *nascitur the ridiculus mus* of a Parliament on College Green. In his earlier scientific mood Mr. Robertson is at pains to prove that it is a "primordial psychological tendency" for one race out of sheer "racial malignity" to attribute certain characteristics to any other, and on these grounds to proceed to generalize *a priori* as to the general incapacity of the latter for, say, self-government. In this connexion he endeavours to prove, not only that Celtic nations have exhibited all the virtues; but also that at the period when Irish History emerges from the mythical stage, "there was no Irish Race," in the sense of an exclusively Celtic stock, and that there was already a large infusion of the Teutonic element—a statement in which he is probably correct. Now this, while it relieves the primordial Celt of the responsibility of his later descendants, also unfortunately cuts the Home Rule question adrift from the ethnological setting of Celt and Teuton which Mr. Robertson is anxious to give it; and the solicitude of Mr. Robertson the man of science for the verdict of anthropology on the Celt which the first part of the volume displays, becomes an ironical comment on the anxiety with which Mr. Robertson the politician endeavours to prove in the latter part of the book that England's refusal to give Home Rule to Ireland is a fresh instance of "racial malignity."

Mr. Robertson's argument, however, does not rest only on ethnological data. In "The Lesson of History" he proceeds to examine the relations of England and Ireland in historic times. At the outset he disallows the accusation, occasionally put forward, that it was England which destroyed the pre-existent civilization of the Irish in the eleventh century; but with this single exception his rendering of Irish history has the air of being written with the blunt end of a shillelagh. For history is not written, even if it is unfortunately often made, by adding up the number of victims massacred on one side against those massacred on the other, and then assigning the cause of right and justice to the party which has the least number of scalps. Providence is not necessarily—in spite of a modern predisposition to believe the contrary—on the side of the small battalions. A good case may undoubtedly be made out for the Irish nation—conceding for the moment the claim of "nationality"—from the survey of the last seven centuries of Irish history. But Mr. Robertson damages his case by overstating it. By such random assertions as that which he makes in reference to the massacres of 1641, that "writers who, in full view of all that went before, have still no other verdict to give in the matter than one against Popery and Irishry, are only surviving illustrations of the insane unrighteousness which brought about the whole hideous history," he convicts himself as devoid of the critical temperament without which any large generalizations become merely the writer's prejudices writ large.

The concluding pages of "The Saxon and the Celt" are taken up with a series of more or less personal attacks on writers who from time to time have made disparaging remarks on the Celt or the Celtic character. The authorities cited in this connexion form an imposing if somewhat incongruous array, including Mommsen, Richey, Hill Burton, J. R. Green, the Duke of Argyll, Goldwin Smith and Mr. Froude. Mr. Lecky is

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spared a special pillory, as he had been polished off early in the volume with the obscurely vindictive remark "that his (Lecky's) own temperament is settling for him the problems of sociology." Mr. Robertson at least proves that he has the courage of his convictions; and it must be confessed that when he assumes the offensive (in more senses perhaps than one) he shows a decided talent for criticism of the crab-tree cudgel order. In this literary Donnybrook Fair Mr. Goldwin Smith seems to come in for the largest share of abuse. "His relation to the things he antagonizes is at best a checking of the puerile by the puelline," is a type of the blank epigram Mr. Robertson delights to fire off at intervals, with a sort of mildewed Meredithian air. The volume ends lamely enough, from the point of view of the purely humorous, with what appears to be the rough draft of the Ideal Home Rule Bill of the future.

THE MALTESE CORPS OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

"Historical Records of the Maltese Corps of the British Army." Compiled by Major A. G. Chesney, South Staffordshire Regiment, Adjutant Royal Malta Regiment of Militia. London: Clowes. 1897.

MAJOR CHESNEY has performed a difficult task carefully and well. The original records of all the Maltese corps formed prior to 1815 and the early records of the Malta Fencibles have either been lost or destroyed, and so probably the most interesting portions of their histories are not easy to explore. Nor have modern times offered many chances of distinction to Maltese soldiers. Happy, it has been said, is the nation without a history; unhappy, however, the author who has to write its annals. So is it also with corps and regiments. Where there are few battles, and sieges, and defeats and victories to give a glow every now and again to the pages, the narrative settles down to a dull and prosy recitative which tells only of changes in uniform and equipment, and in place of inscribing triumphs has only the names of successive commanding officers to record. To add interest to what is chiefly a compilation of official lists, regulations, and orders demands immense effort and unique literary skill. Even with these advantages thrown in it is a question whether the task is not an impossible one. It requires much courage in any case to essay it, and here our author is fully entitled to the credit his enterprise deserves. We are somewhat disappointed none the less that more has not been made of the few events in the history of the island since our flag first flew there. In the early days of our connexion with it Colonel Graham, afterwards Lord Lynedoch, Sir Ralph Abercromby, and some other distinguished English officers were engaged there on active service, while the Maltese lost no fewer than from 1,500 to 2,000 men during the siege which was instituted against the French in 1799. Not one single English soldier was killed, however, which is perhaps why Major Chesney has not dwelt more on this portion of the history. Nor is much reference made to the campaign in Egypt in 1800, in which the "Maltese Pioneers" took part, and were present at the battles of 8, 13 and 21 March. We presume the destruction of the records already referred to has made research difficult, but where active service has formed a most unusual experience, more than a bald list of the officers who served in this corps and took their share of the campaigning might have been vouchsafed to us. On the other hand, a fairly liberal amount of space is devoted to the loss of Capri, an incident in their history which is by no means creditable to the Maltese forces. The fault may not have lain with the Royal Malta Regiment, and its men may have all been potential Neys and Murats; but to cover the failure it is in that case necessary to expose the incapacity and feebleness of the officers who led them, and from no point of view can any glory be extracted from the affair. The particular regiment engaged was moreover disbanded almost immediately, so that its defeat might well have been allowed to occupy less space. Curiously enough the next chapter of the book deals with another episode by no means worthy of remembrance, but amid

the dreary dulness of official returns and orders the stirring incidents it describes form perhaps the most interesting part of the pages before us. The mutiny of Froberg's regiment, which was set ablaze by an officer's striking a drummer across the face with a cane, was certainly a very extraordinary affair, and reminds us of a scene from the Indian Mutiny rather than anything else. The mutineers seem to have behaved with a determination and courage worthy of a better cause, but the episode is one which one would willingly allow to die out of recollection nevertheless. But alongside the numerous official reports on annual inspections, which state in the usual stereotyped phrases of Pall Mall that "the state of the regiment is highly creditable to Colonel So-and-So and his officers," or that "the state of this regiment is on the whole extremely satisfactory," we gladly welcome passages less commonplace and trite. On the other hand, it is to be remembered that many details as regards officers and lists of names, while they do not appeal at all to outsiders, may be valuable to those who have some connexion either through themselves or their relatives with the Maltese forces. We must not, therefore, too readily despise such particulars, although we may pass them over unread ourselves. It is to be confessed, however, that there is a very undue proportion of such matter in a book which apparently seeks readers amongst the general public, and we fear that its pages will prove dry and disappointing if they are taken up with any other object in view than that of reference.

ABOUT LANCASHIRE.

"Industrial Lancashire." By John Mortimer. Manchester: Palmer, Howe. London: Simpkin, Marshall. 1897.

THERE are people, we believe (they are of Lancastrian birth), who confess to a love of Lancashire. For our own part, we are careful that our visits to that county are as infrequent as may be. But the chief reason of our avoidance grows out of the great reason of Lancashire's importance. Furnace reek and chemical exhalations make the place a horror to live in, but they are the outward and olfactory sign of England's industrial greatness. A moment's contemplation will convince one that there is room for the writing of a great book about Industrial Lancashire: a glance at Mr. Mortimer's volume will show that he has not written it. He will doubtless reply to such a criticism that he did not set out to write a great history, and point to modest disclaimers in his book of any such intention. But with this retort the *raison d'être* of the book disappears. It is not a pretty subject. Unless you are going to produce a work of solid information, bristling with useful, well-arranged facts, or a work undertaken with some political, economic, or social purpose, why burden the book-market at all? There is a sprinkling of useful facts scattered about Mr. Mortimer's pages, but they are not arranged, and there is no index to guide the reader to them through the maze of commonplace small talk. The author may retort that his book is designed to entertain as much as to instruct; so we gather from the chatty, button-holing style in which it is written. We are sorry it has not entertained us. Let us quote the opening sentence; "If the courteous reader—to whom Lancashire, especially in its industrial aspects, has hitherto been an unexplored county—is willing to consider himself a personally-conducted visitor, to whom views of a lightly descriptive kind are not unacceptable, the preliminary perspective of what is to be unfolded to him will perhaps best be gained if he will, in the first instance, betake himself, along with his guide, to the summit of Holcombe Hill, an outlying spur of the Pennine Range, standing out like a bluff headland not more than a dozen miles northward from the Manchester Exchange." We braced ourselves with an effort for the next sentence, for we felt as though we had climbed much higher than the summit of Holcombe Hill. It is fatiguing entertainment which Mr. Mortimer provides, and the reader's fatigue increases with the author's efforts to be entertaining.

This criticism is not meant to be unkind, but helpful rather. It contains a practical moral, if Mr. Mortimer will permit us to offer him advice. Mr. Mortimer (so we learn from an announcement at the end of the volume) is the author of ten "previous treatises"; yet he has not learned how to write (using the verb in its technical literary sense): he should therefore beware of excursive literary entertainment when the writing itch is upon him. Also, Mr. Mortimer (we learn from the same announcement, as well as from the title-page) is "Chief Cashier, Henry Bannerman & Sons, Limited, Spinners, Manufacturers and Merchants." He is, therefore, in close touch with some of Lancashire's staple industries, and in his own particular work he is accustomed to the collation of statistical facts. Now here lies his opportunity. We are badly in want of information respecting this country's industries. We want to know exactly how we stand, and particularly where we stand to-day compared with, say, a generation ago. Any one who will get together such information in a clear, concise, exhaustive and reliable form—though he only travel over one branch of industry in one locality—will do good public service. Here, as we said, is the opportunity of Mr. Mortimer.

UNDER SPECIAL INTRODUCTION.

"Trumpets and Shawms." By Henry Hanby Hay. Philadelphia: Arnold & Co. 1896.

"Lyrics of Lowly Life." By Paul Laurence Dunbar. With an Introduction by W. D. Howells. London: Chapman & Hall. 1897.

"Departmental Ditties." (Ninth Edition.) By Rudyard Kipling. With Illustrations by Dudley Cleaver. London: Thacker & Co. 1897.

MR. HALL CAINE gives a friendly preliminary flourish to Mr. Hay's Trumpets. The fact that one or two of the poems refer to Manx incidents and localities is his excuse for an essay on the island over which he spreads the peculiar shadow of his wing; but throughout the introduction he makes several laudable attempts to keep himself and his own work outside the subject of his consideration. Mr. Hay's trumpets have a vigorous, somewhat hard note; and there is little variation or subtlety in the tunes they play. His shawms sound to better effect: this is pleasant, with its quest for musical analogies:—

"The cool soft tinkle of the rill,
The gentle bells when eve is still;
To stand athwart the dust of meal,
While drip, drip goes the mossed wheel;
The silver sacring at the mass,
Light strained through mignonetted glass;
The hour we dream on joys long past;
Blue morn above the broken mast
Where gulls preen feathers vexed by storm,
Pipe, blandly pipe, O dulcet shawm!"

Mr. Hay shows carelessness, or a defective ear, both in rhyme and rhythm; but the book impresses one as being above the average, and better than any quotation that may be drawn from it can make evident.

Mr. W. D. Howells has discovered in the darkest of the races whose mixed bloods make up the American nationality a poet whom he introduces to the English reading public with warm words of critical appreciation. He is at pains to show that purely literary considerations guide his taste. For our part we would be glad to do Mr. Dunbar the compliment of putting racial distinctions aside, but we find that the merits of his poems lie wholly in their racial element; when that is quitted they lose altogether, for us, the distinction which Mr. Howells finds in them. A writer in dialect is driven by the force of his medium to use only the words which have succumbed to the influence and alteration of doric speech; thus, if he be native to it, a certain charm of sincerity and homeliness is bound to result. It is in his negro melodies that we find Mr. Dunbar charming, amusing and sincere. When he attempts the more cultivated forms of English speech the virtue goes out of him; he shares with Burns the inability to write perfectly a form of the language which did not come to him by natural training and environment. Here and there one may meet with both pathos and truth in what

he has to say, as in this tribute paid to the character of his own race:—

"No other race, or white or black,
When bound as thou wert to the rack,
So seldom stooped to grieving;
No other race, when free again,
Forgot the past, and proved them men
So noble in forgiving."

But he is better when he sings more distinctively, in its own dialect, the song of coloured life. The two verses we give here will speak for many of similar quaint charm which the book contains:—

"Ain't you nevah hyeahd Malindy?
Blessed soul tek up de cross!
Look hyeah, ain't you jokin', honey?
Well, you don't know what you los'.
Y'ought to hyeah dat gal a-wa'blin',
Robins, la'ks, an' all dem things,
Heish dey moufs an' hides dey faces
When Malindy sings."

"She jes' spreads huh mouf and hollahs,
'Come to Jesus,' 'twell you hyeah
Sinnahs tremblin' steps and voices,
Timid-lak a-drawin' neah:
Den she tu'ns to 'Rock of Ages,'
Simply to de cross she clings,
An' you fin yo' teahs a-drappin'
When Malindy sings."

Mr. Kipling's "Departmental Ditties" came to us under the special introduction of his fame which had preceded their appearance in book-form, though the writing of them, as mere fugitive pieces, had some time preceded his fame. They now come in their ninth edition, apparently to give a special introduction to Mr. Dudley Cleaver's illustrations. These are very far from good; but they probably will not hinder the continued circulation of the poems, which, if in no other way remarkable, would be interesting as giving us Mr. Kipling while still in the making. In many of these poems he speaks in parodies, laying Swinburne, Browning, and others under contribution; but his end is seldom of such brilliance as to make the means praiseworthy; and did we not know, in Mr. Kipling's own words,

"The vulture and the crow
They are waiting ever so,"

and will not in the end be defrauded of anything of his past that a successful author hopes to keep covered, we could have wished that the contents of this volume might, for the most part, have remained fugitive, even from the happy fate of running into nine editions.

THE SPECTATOR.

"The Spectator." Vol. I. The text edited by G. Gregory Smith. With an Introductory Essay by Austin Dobson. London: Dent. 1897.

WE talk a great deal in England about our classics, but we are sometimes very slow in providing ourselves with competent editions of them. It is a very odd thing that, until now, no really decent text of "The Spectator" should be procurable. It is true that the late Professor Henry Morley brought out in 1868 the one-volume edition, which has remained the only accessible complete reprint. Like everything done by that laborious and excellent man, it had merit, but it had also grave faults of omission, and it was a singularly ugly book. But with this exception, no British masterpiece has endured so much ill-treatment as "The Spectator." Early in the eighteenth century "innumerable corruptions" had crept in, and Bishop Percy bravely, but quite ineffectually, tried to drive them out again. The discrepancies between the text of the original daily issue and that which Addison edited in volumes in 1715 are numerous, and these, it is true, add to the difficulty of editing. Mr. G. Gregory Smith, who has performed his task with careful skill, has taken the latter as his basis. It certainly was, as he says, "the final form in which the writers desired to leave their work." In the present instalment he takes us from Thursday, 1 March, to Friday, 1 June, 1711, so that we suppose

about seven volumes will be required to complete the enterprise.

An introductory essay by Mr. Austin Dobson seems to be needed to give the final *cachet* to any work ambitious of displaying nice scholarship in eighteenth-century lore. If it were possible for the ghosts of Queen Anne's wits to express in tangible form their approval of a living mortal, the closest of their students and the most accurate of their annotators could not fail to be smothered in Augustan laurels. But it is perhaps in a more practical way that they reward their admirer, and it may be through the direct intervention of Pope and Addison that Mr. Austin Dobson—"des *ces maîtres sçavans disciple ingénieux*"—has contrived to be the most elegant writer of his time. Be this as it may, his little introductory essay is impeccable. It gives, with charming little turns and faint strokes of irony, all that is to be known of the history of "The Spectator"; awards to Steele and to Addison the respective meed of each; corrects with a gentle hand the injustices of those who, like Macaulay or Thackeray, have written too effectively and not quite exactly enough of the famous masterpiece of co-operation. We are thus prepared to "peruse" the book once more "with pleasure," and to "know whether the Writer of it was a black or a fair Man, of a mild or choleric Disposition, Married or a Bachelor, with other Particulars of a like nature." And then our gratitude turns to the publisher, who provides admirable type and paper and prefixes a very pretty reproduction in sanguine of the famous portrait of Addison.

FICTION.

"A Studio Mystery." By Frank Aubrey. London: Jarrold. 1897.

MR. AUBREY has so successfully ignored his story that he will probably receive our declaration with incredulity; we insist, however, that he had a story to tell. And the story, so far as we can see, was a plain and straightforward enough affair of murdering brigands, punishment, revenge, and the final triumph of justice. First there is the capture of two English artists by Sicilian brigands, their ransom, the return with soldiers and the victorious battle. Then the powerful Mafia, bent on revenge, send two emissaries to England, the wife works her way into the family of the one Englishman's lady love, the husband becomes valet to the other. Gustave is dilatory in carrying out his task, not because he shrinks, but because he is too fond of playing cards; at last, however, he murders his master in his studio, and his wife comes near to poisoning her mistress. But the malefactors, by some (we frankly do not know what) turn of long-suffering fate, become snared in their own toils, and what is left of the original company marries and lives happily ever after. Not much of a story, perhaps, to look at; still it might be made to go—anyhow there it is, with a beginning, a middle, and an end, or at least a potential end. How, then, does Mr. Aubrey set about the business? His technique is peculiar. He begins with the murdered body of the Englishman in the studio and then sets a detective to find out who the murderer was. It is as if Miss Austen had begun "Pride and Prejudice" with the marriage of Elizabeth and the despatch of detectives to discover the husband. The detective of recent English fiction is warranted to spread an atmosphere of unrelenting dullness over any situation; but our Mr. Grimlock, being a special brand of detective, and having as much business to be interfering with the story as Nebuchadnezzar—our Mr. Grimlock can give all his brethren points in this line. From the friend of the murdered man he elicits just four hundred words about all the Sicilian business. Having thus done his duty by compressing a third of his author's novel into half a column of the "Saturday Review," he turns his solid back upon the story, and throughout the next hundred pages stands still and parades before us his stupidity, his vulgarity, his capacity for depriving every one he meets of any vestiges of character, his annoying knowingness, his insufferable cheerfulness, and every other impossible quality for which his class is remarkable. At the end of this lengthy period, the

murderer, being the only man left to suspect, forces Mr. Grimlock into the very awkward necessity of having to detect what he set out to detect. We experience a certain pity for Mr. G. at this point—murderers have so little respect for a detective's feelings. But Mr. Grimlock has his revenge, for he can still go out of his way to catch the murderer by means of an unnecessarily clumsy trick. After this final parade of his triumphant personality, Mr. Grimlock deigns to tell us in twelve last pages something about the murderer—that he murdered the artist thus and thus, that he was a member of the brigand band, a gambler, and husband to the poisonous lady's maid, &c. It would possibly have been exciting to watch Gustave perform the murder, for it was done in a strange and perilous manner; but the possibility has not escaped Mr. Grimlock's vigilance, and in his mouth the interest vanishes. He may well be proud; he has spread himself over 180 pages, and has buried the story in fifteen. At the first blush we took "A Studio Mystery" to be merely a specimen of the detective story; but as we progressed such hasty conclusions were left behind, and we knew at last that Mr. Aubrey was more sinned against than sinning. He was led astray, blindfold and captive, by the mystery-cum-detective bogey. Looked at impartially, as a method of presenting a story, the proceeding is odd enough. It is a method, as we have already remarked, that was rejected by Miss Austen. A pity, perhaps Mr. Aubrey would retort; how charmingly would Mr. Bennet have landed the inquiring detective on the other side of his library door! Well, no. A Mr. Grimlock could reduce even "so odd a mixture of quick parts, sarcastic humour, reserve and caprice" to an unrecognizable shadow, and in the next move in search of information, Mr. G.'s bulky form (always well in the foreground) would no doubt blot out the solemnity even of Rosings. Mr. Aubrey's murderer, by the way, who is "almost as much French as Italian," twice exclaims "Merci, merci!" when he falls at last into the hands of his pursuers, an example of Christian resignation only too rarely to be found among these foreign Johnnies.

"Soldiers of Fortune." By Richard Harding Davis. London: Heinemann. 1897.

Mr. Harding Davis is accredited with an enormous reputation in the United States, and it has been placed to our lack of judgment that his books have not been better received in this country. Hence one is tempted to seek a justification for the tepid welcome we have accorded him. Perhaps it is to be found in the too local treatment of the characterization. Also, the feats of Umslopogas and Gil de Bérault are as nought beside those of his hero—a combination of Sun-God, Sandow and Edison. He has a charmed life, without even a vulnerable heel for his enemies to find out: whole regiments fire upon him at close quarters, bullets sing about his head like gnats on a summer's evening, but he emerges unscathed, always superior, always doing the right thing, and beloved by women who are all as fair, as witty and wealthy as the heroine of a penny novelette. One longs for a cast in the eye or a snub nose for the sake of contrast.

"In Vallombrosa." By Adeline Sergeant. London: F. V. White. 1897.

The crisis in a novelist's career seems to be the point at which publishers can be found for an unlimited output. Occasionally an author appears who refuses to regard his work merely at so much per thousand words; but in the majority of cases each succeeding book more manifestly displays a niggardly thrift of plot eked out with an astonishing prodigality of word-spinning. It is a pity to have to place Miss Sergeant in the latter category, but it must in justice be said that her latest story is the "thinnest" she has ever produced. It is little more than a Tuscan guide-book, interspersed with long botanical dissertations, and with the flimsiest narrative trickling through it. She is evidently impressed with the idea that in the environs of Florence she has discovered a *terra incognita* beside which the mysteries of Central Thibet altogether pale. The first hundred pages are absolutely devoted to interminable local descriptions: panoramic views and

atmospheric effects are worked for all or for more than they are worth, the ground plans of hotels, the waiters, chambermaids, gardeners, and neighbouring chapels, all come in for exhaustive analysis. Presently one learns that a certain Mrs. Marchmont has separated from her husband, because "he was a bad man, and she would have nothing to do with him." She has come to these solitudes to avoid a young artist, for whom she has contracted unwise sentiments, but he follows, unconscious of her matrimonial bonds, and she is sorely tempted. However, he is a carefully reared youth and preaches the higher life to her in the finest Exeter Hall rhetoric. Then arrives the peccant but penitent husband, to die conveniently in the company of a forgiving wife, and the lovers are united with the approval of Mother Church. Much more has often been told in the space of a short magazine story.

LITERARY NOTES.

THE coming week will see a new selection from the works of Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley and Keats, to which Mr. Oswald Crawford is furnishing the introduction. Messrs. Chapman & Hall are also issuing a novel, entitled "His Chief's Wife," by the Baroness Albert d'Anethan, who, by the way, is a sister of Mr. Rider Haggard. A second edition is already required of Miss Violet Hunt's romance, "Unkist, Unkind."

In addition to Mrs. Browning's Letters, Messrs. Smith, Elder have several other works of personal interest among their announcements. These include a Life of the late Sir John Glover, written by his wife and edited by Sir Richard Temple; "Twelve Years in a Monastery," by Mr. Joseph McCabe; and "The Autobiography of Arthur Young."

The fourth volume of Professor Milligan Sloane's "Life of Napoleon Buonaparte" will be published in November, and will complete Messrs. Macmillan's elaborate edition of the work. The other historical issues from the same house are the concluding volume of "The History of Greece, from the Commencement to the Close of the Independence of the Greek Nation," translated from the German of Adolf Holm; "A Handbook of European History," by Mr. Arthur Hassall; "Cameos from English History," by Miss C. M. Yonge; and "A History of Rome for Beginners," by Miss Evelyn S. Shuckburgh.

A grim subject has been chosen by Mr. Tighe Hopkins in his work on "The Dungeons of Old Paris," which he is producing through Messrs. Putnam's Sons. Some realistic illustrations help one to understand the amiable qualities of our ancestors. The same publishers are also preparing an historical romance by Mr. S. Harden Church, dealing with the English invasion of Ireland in 1649, and called "John Marmaduke."

Messrs. Service & Paton are continuing their excellent reprints in the "Whitehall Library" with "The Last Days of Pompeii" and "Shirley."

The medical and nursing professions have been drawn upon for the contributions to Messrs. Sampson Low's "Complete System of Nursing." It is edited by Miss Honnor Morten, whose previous handbook on "How to Treat Accidents and Illnesses" is attaining a second edition. Messrs. Low's other issues include "The Story of John Ship, Mariner," a romance of the Farøe Islands, by a pseudonymous writer, "Knarf Elivas"; a new story by Mr. Paul Leicester Ford, entitled "The Great K. and A. Train Robbery"; and a seventh edition, revised and brought up to date, of Professor F. H. Stoner's work on "Agriculture in Some of its Relations to Chemistry."

Several of Messrs. Innes's autumn productions make a strong appeal by reason of their subjects. Among these are noticeable "The Life of Sir Ranald Martin," the pioneer of sanitary science in India, written by Sir Joseph Fayrer; "The Coldstream Guards in the Crimea," in which Lieut.-Colonel Ross of Bladensburg details the operations of the regiment throughout the war; and "The Successors of Homer," by Professor Lawton.

A new "Library English Dictionary" has been edited by Mr. John Davidson for Messrs. W. & R. Chambers. Besides the usual features, it contains a comprehensive list of modern slang and colloquial expressions. Another volume shortly to be issued is Chambers's Biographical Dictionary, under the direction of Dr. David Patrick and Mr. F. H. Groome.

Five volumes have been decided upon by Messrs. Blackie for their "Victorian Era Series." The first of these will be by Mr. Rose on "The Rise of Democracy," and will be followed by Canon Overton's volume, "The Anglican Revival." The subsequent books will be Dr. A. H. Fison's "Modern Development in Astronomy," Mr. J. Arthur Thomson's "Science of Life," and the Rev. W. P. Creswell's "Development of the Colonial Empire."

The most noteworthy of Messrs. Seeley's new productions is the "Study of the Life and Works of Albrecht Dürer," by Mr. Lionel Cust; it will have the advantage of some copper-plate reproductions. Another volume of interest in Messrs. Seeley's list ought to be "Marriage Customs in Many Lands," by Mr. H. N. Hutchinson.

The two latest volumes in Mr. Unwin's "Story of the Nations" are M. André Le Bon's "Modern France," and Mr. Lewis Sergeant's "The Franks." Mr. Unwin is also commencing a "Library of Literary History" with "A Literary History of India," by Mr. R. W. Frazer.

The proprietors of "Commerce" have decided during the winter to produce a new sixpenny weekly, the title of which, "Finance," is sufficiently explanatory.

An edition of only two hundred copies is being prepared by Messrs. Henry Young of Mr. Edward Quaile's work upon illuminated MSS. The author is illustrating the volume with his collection of miniatures from "Books of Hours."

If there is nothing new to tell of our national hero, we may at least expect freshness of treatment from Lord Charles Beresford in his volume on "Nelson and his Times," which Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode have in the press. The author has been assisted in his work by Mr. H. W. Wilson, and has been enabled to include several hitherto unpublished letters. Messrs. Harmsworth will first produce it in parts, commencing on the 20th inst.

In a "Book of Verses for Children," Mr. Verrall Lucas has succeeded, through the courtesy of authors and publishers, in collecting a fairly comprehensive volume of juvenile poetry. Mr. Grant Richards will publish the book immediately, together with the sixth instalment of "English Portraits," the subjects for which are to be Miss Ellen Terry and Mr. Sidney Colvin.

REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES.

IN the "Contemporary Review" Miss Julia Wedgwood opens with an appreciative notice of Richard Holt Hutton, occupying herself mainly with his attitude towards theological questions. She attributes, not unfairly, to an "anxious candour" the frequent use of parentheses which disfigured his style, and pronounces his main defect as a critic to have been that "he had hardly any sense of rank in literature." Like the captain mentioned by Xenophon, who "thought it enough to praise the good, and not to praise the bad," he was at no pains to "graduate his approval." In his literary judgments Miss Wedgwood considers him to have been guided "by his instinct for what lies deeper than literature"; and this tendency, while it damaged him as a critic, she conceives to have made him a welcome guide in theological matters to those who feel the need of such guidance. Mr. F. C. Holland contributes a paper on the prospects of Rhodesia, in which, after a panegyric of Mr. Rhodes, he explains the failure of the mines by the fact that the gold was taken away thousands of years ago. Mr. Holland, however, thinks that there is "abundant evidence" that Rhodesia possesses "mineral resources of great value, a remarkably fertile soil, a healthy invigorating climate, and a confidence in its future by those who have already made it their home." Mr. Hall Caine finds an apologist for "The Christian" in the Dean of Canterbury. The now famous announcement of the Bank of England as to silver bullion is criticized adversely by "Corn Hill." Canon Malcolm MacColl opposes a recent suggestion in the "Quarterly Review" for a partition of Turkey in Europe, declaring that the Christians of that country are in

more danger from "the great militant monarchies" than from the Sultanate. He suggests that the Sultan should "break off with the Concert and come to terms with King George" as regards both the indemnity and the government of Crete, and should lease Palestine to the Jews. Canon MacColl thinks that the proper policy for England is to combine with Russia in opposing the aims of Austria and Germany, "who have conspired to bring about for their own ends the ruin of Greece." Sir Charles Gavan Duffy gives a not particularly interesting account of a visit which he paid to Europe thirty years ago, and Dr. Sophie Bryant follows him with an essay on "The Celtic Mind," in which she ascribes the familiar characteristics of Irishmen to "a high degree of liability in the subconscious to pass into the conscious," the mental result being apparently that "the potential passes readily into the actual." Irishmen, and particularly Irish politicians, will, it is to be hoped, feel duly grateful to Dr. Sophie Bryant for these philosophical euphemisms. Messrs. Vernon Lee and Anstruther-Thomson, in an article on "Beauty and Ugliness," furnish an elaborate demonstration of a theory that all æsthetic impressions are unconsciously subjective and are pleasurable or painful according as our consciousness of the object regarded tends to maintain or to disturb our physical equilibrium. The number concludes with an imaginary conversation between two members of the Reform Club, entitled "Wanted—a Leader," which will scarcely bring much balm to the soul of Sir William Harcourt, or indeed to any of the occupants of the Front Opposition Bench.

The "Fortnightly" opens well with an article on the advance towards Khartoum, by Major Arthur Griffiths, in which he gives a number of details of the capture of Abu Hamed by General Hunter, extracted from a letter he has received "from the highest authority." The article which follows, "At Archachon," by Mr. W. M. Fullerton, is one we are surprised to see in a review with the reputation of the "Fortnightly." A worse piece of writing we have not seen for some time. Mr. Swift McNeill, M.P., suggests that the question of a Royal residence in Ireland should be solved by transforming the post of Lord Lieutenant into a non-political office, and conferring it upon a Prince of the Blood. This plan would have the double advantage of preserving the office of Lord Lieutenant, the abolition of which has been repeatedly urged, and of reverting to ancient usage. Until the time of Stafford the title of Lord Lieutenant was strictly reserved for Viceroy who were Princes of the Blood. Other Viceroys were styled Lord-Deputies. Vernon Lee gives us her ideas about the future of painting in three notes on Whistler's Peacock-room, on Sargent's painting on the door vault of the Boston Library, and on Bernard's quasi-frescoes for the vestibule of the École de Pharmacie in Paris. Mr. A. A. Baumann's article on "Unprincipled Toryism" continues the discussion started by the Hon. C. Hay and Mr. H. Hodge in their article on "Toryism and Toil." He maintains with much reason that there is no such thing as a fixed body of Tory principles. "The word Tory of itself means nothing but the opposite of Whig, which means nothing but the opposite of Tory," whilst Conservatism stands, not for a body of principles, but for a frame of mind. Lord Palmerston was, and Mr. Gladstone and Sir William Harcourt are, essentially Conservatives, though Liberal leaders; Lord Beaconsfield and Lord Randolph Churchill were both sanguine and progressive reformers, though both belonged to what they were always careful to call the "Tory" party. What Mr. Baumann believes the Tory party needs is a constructive policy, not a set of principles, and he suggests that the question of tariffs would be the question to deal with first. But what, he pertinently asks, are the traditional principles of the Tory party with regard to Free-trade and Protection? "Peel repealed the Corn-Law, Disraeli and Derby were Protectionists. What are Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain?" Mr. W. S. Lilly has a characteristic article on Universal Suffrage as it works in France, and there are three interesting articles on three recent French books by Janet E. Hogarth, Charles Whibley, and Hannah Lynch. Sir W. H. White replies to the Eton boy's article on the speed of warships; and "Diplomaticus" concludes a very interesting number by a description of the rapid progress of Russia towards pre-eminence in European politics, and an argument in favour of more friendly relations between Great Britain and the new Dual Alliance.

Mr. J. Y. F. Blake's picture, in the "National Review," of the methods of the Chartered Company of South Africa forms as striking a contrast to Mr. Holland's as that presented by their respective estimates of the prospects of Rhodesia. Assuredly, if Mr. Blake can substantiate but a tithe of what he alleges against the white settlers, there was more than enough of cruelty and oppression to account for the native revolt of last year. It seems that some of the contractors for the work of developing the mining districts adopted a system of engaging natives for three months, with a promise of payment for their labour at the end of that time, and in the course of the third month proceeded to flog them until they ran away and forfeited their pay. "Soon it became difficult for any of the contractors, good or bad, to persuade boys to work for them, and finally none could be secured at all, because the many boys flogged and driven off told all the others of their treatment, and

showed their backs as proof." In this state of affairs, the Native Commissioner, a Chartered Company official, was appealed to, and guaranteed the "boys" work for three months for the not exorbitant payment of ten shillings per head. But the contractors resorted to their old tactics, and when the boys ran away, the Native Commissioner, anxious for his own sake that they should work out their time, sent the native police to bring them in, and the poor wretches, when caught, were "flogged and put to work again." "The boys, it will be seen, are between two fires. It is the interest of the contractor to drive them off, and of the Commissioner to drag them in." The whip used is the sjambok, "made of hippopotamus hide, straight, flexible, and tapered to the point. It cuts like steel." Mr. Blake "heard one man boast that he could never enjoy his breakfast unless he had first sjamboked a nigger." The treatment of the women and girls was, in its way, equally infamous. If Mr. Blake's account is correct, we agree with him that "there was enough, yes, ten thousand times enough, to envenom native feeling against the whites." "The Chartered Company in Rhodesia possesses all the essentials of a despotism, and it is, in fact, impossible to criticize it or do anything but acquiesce in its conduct of affairs if you wish to remain in the country and do business. . . . The Chartered Company practically forces you, if you stay in the country, to join in with itself on a co-operative system. You may be an unhearty co-operator, but at least you will co-operate to the extent of holding your tongue." "Looking back now," concludes Mr. Blake, "I say the rebellion was inevitable. Had I been a native, knowing what I know and what they did, I would have done what they did. They had been deprived of all they possessed except the air they breathed. The scars on their backs were marks of shame and disgrace if not resented. Their persons had been polluted. Life to them meant hunger and torture, and had they not rebelled and smitten down their cruel oppressors, they could not be called human." Mr. Shadwell thinks that the trend of public opinion in Canada is towards preferential tariffs and perhaps an Imperial Zollverein, and not towards Free-trade; Mr. Jessop is at home on the subject of "Run-getting"; Captain May opposes Admiral Colomb's prediction as to the impending fate of our big battleships; and the student of currency questions will find no fewer than five signed articles, besides a long editorial, on the subject of bimetalism.

(For This Week's Books see page 430.)

The Editor cannot undertake to return rejected Communications. He must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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